AMAZING MYSTERIES

JULY
NO. 33

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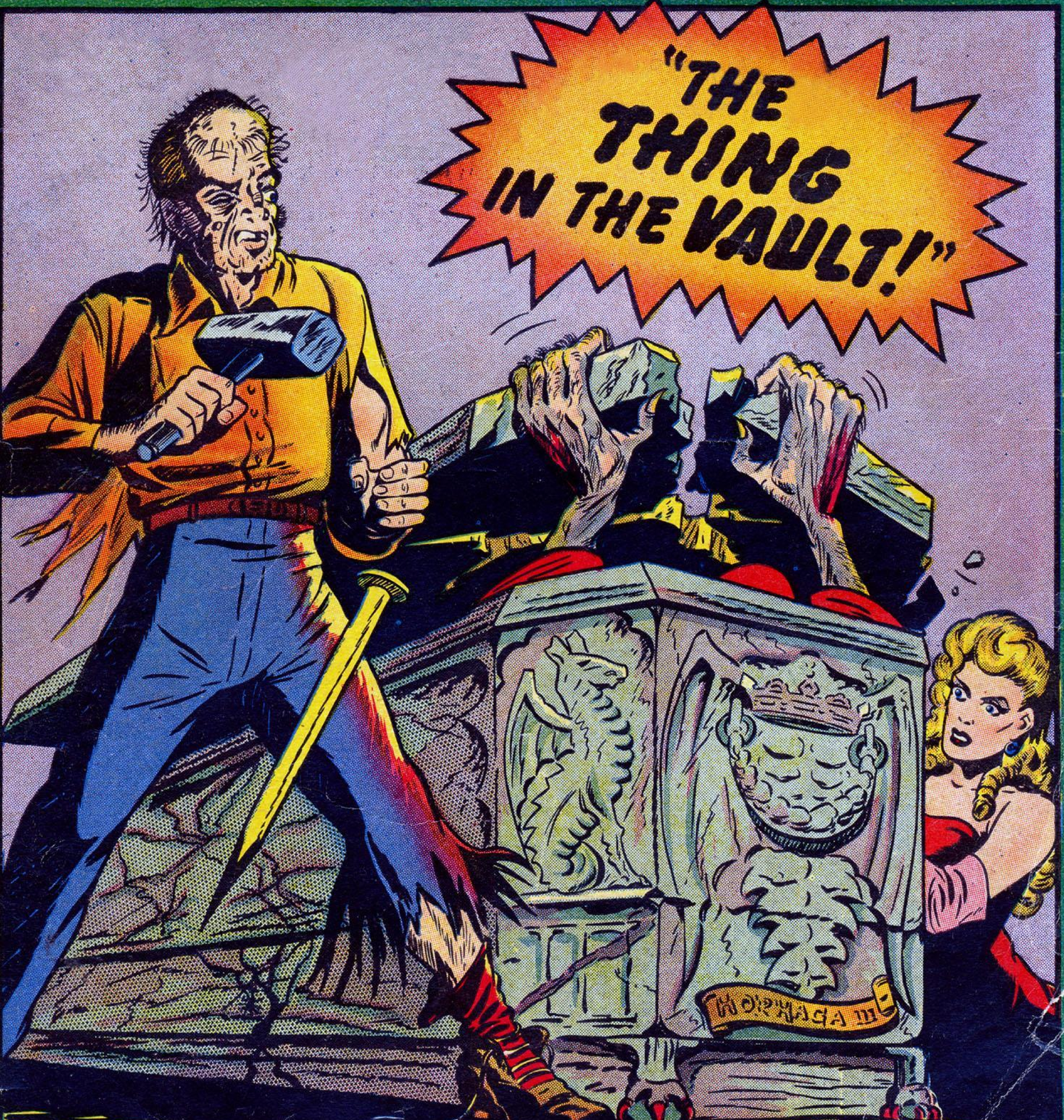
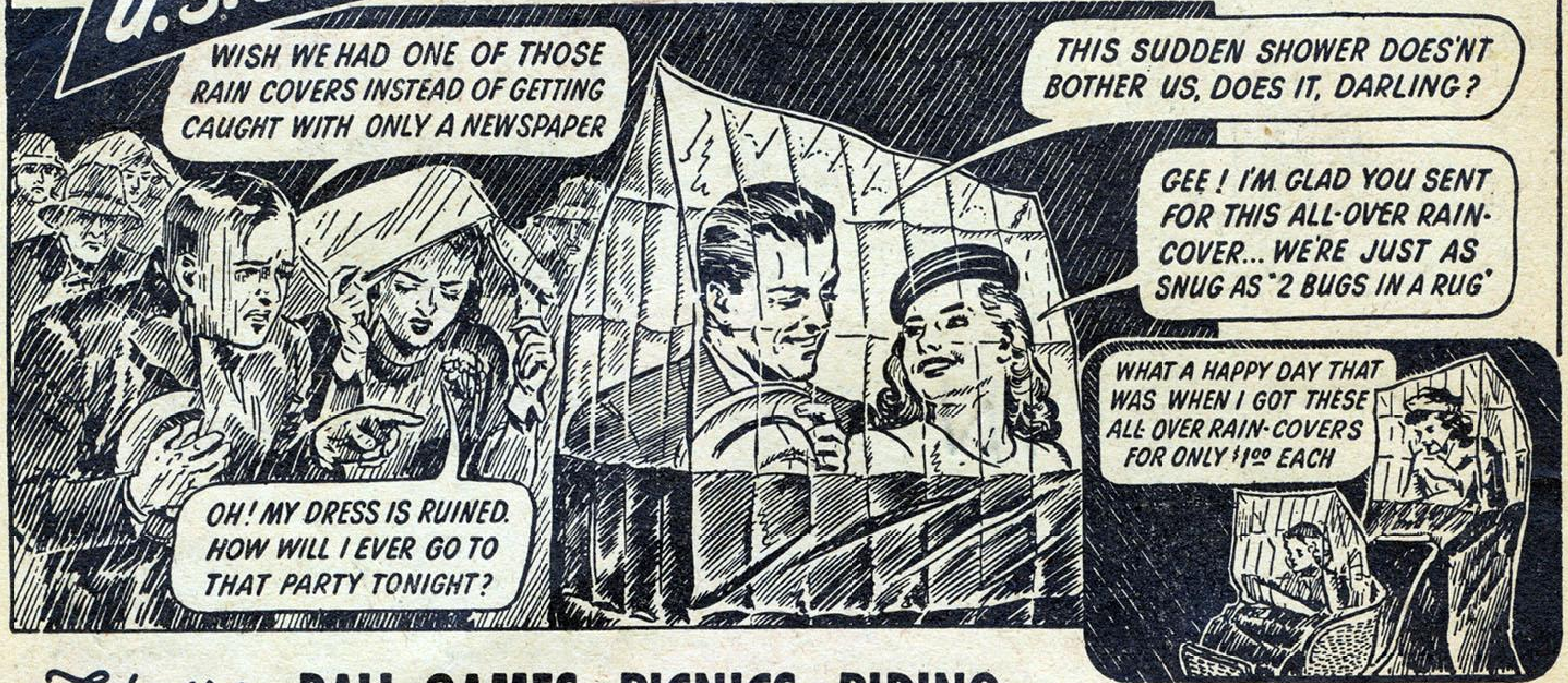

"THE THING IN THE VAULT!"
HORMAGA III

Amazing ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER BARGAIN

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS

BIGGEST VARIETY OF USES OF ANYTHING YOU EVER OWNED


WISH WE HAD ONE OF THOSE RAIN COVERS INSTEAD OF GETTING CAUGHT WITH ONLY A NEWSPAPER
THIS SUDDEN SHOWER DOES'NT BOTHER US, DOES IT, DARLING?
GEE! I'M GLAD YOU SENT FOR THIS ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER... WE'RE JUST AS SNUG AS "2 BUGS IN A RUG"
WHAT A HAPPY DAY THAT WAS WHEN I GOT THESE ALL-OVER RAIN-COVERS FOR ONLY $1.00 EACH
OH! MY DRESS IS RUINED. HOW WILL I EVER GO TO THAT PARTY TONIGHT?

Take it to BALL GAMES, PICNICS, RIDING, HUNTING, FISHING . . . 101 OTHER USES

This newest type, durable, compact, light, all-weather, all-purpose cover-all was made for gas warfare protection. It's all plastic with transparent top. You can see in all directions. It's BIG . . . 52" long, 52" wide. Big enough for two people to keep perfectly dry. Covers you completely . . . hat, coat, shoes and ALL.

Big and roomy as it is, folds to compact package of 4" by 7". Small enough to fit in pocket, lady's purse, golf bag, tackle box, dashboard compartment, etc. Ready instantly if you're caught in rain or sleet storm whether walking, riding, in open car, watching ball game, hunting, fishing, picnicking, etc. Children play tent, too. Insert clothes-hanger and you have dust-proof hamper to store clothes, dresses. Covers baby's carriage. Etc., etc.

Amazing close-out price is only $1.00, and they're going fast. If you don't agree that these specially made cover-alls are worth 4 or 5 times that much, we'll refund your dollar. It's the kind of all-over weather-protection you have wished often you could find. Keeps you as dry and cozy as a bug-in-a-rug because it covers your hat, coat, shoes, and ALL. Rain can't get to you. Get one or two NOW. You will not have another chance like this after this close-out is gone.

SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon TODAY. When package arrives in special foil-lined case, deposit only $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage with postman. Open it and SEE what an amazing VARIETY of uses to which you can put it. If not 100% pleased, return in 5 days for money back. BUT HURRY. This is a close-out, and you will never get another one at this bargain price.

SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 54-D A, Joliett, Ill.

YOU WILL NEVER GET ANOTHER ONE AT THIS LOW PRICE ONLY $1.00

LET 'ER RAIN! WE DON'T CARE DO WE HONEY? —THIS IS FUN!

Folds to small pocket size pack. carry it anywhere

JIMMY, DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD SENT FOR ONE OF THOSE ALL-OVER RAIN-COVERS? THEY COST ONLY $1. AND LOOK WHAT THEY SAVE YOU

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 54-D A, Joliet, Ill.

Please send me............All-weather, All-purpose Cover-all at $1.00 each. I will deposit the total amount of my order with postman, plus C.O.D. Postage on arrival. (If I enclose total amount of my order with coupon, you are to pay all postage charges.)

Name..

Address..

City..............................State.............

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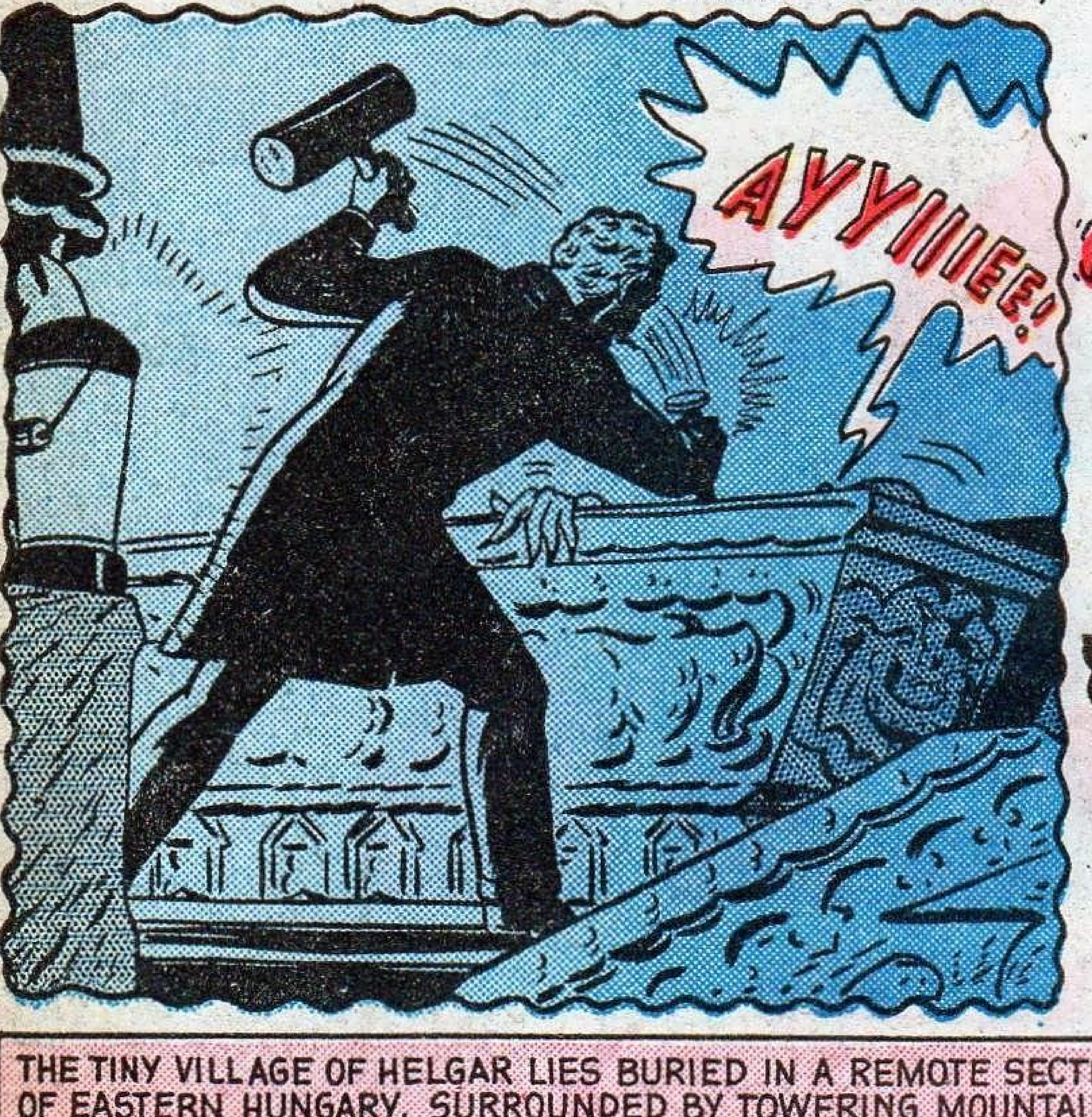

THE THING IN THE VAULT!

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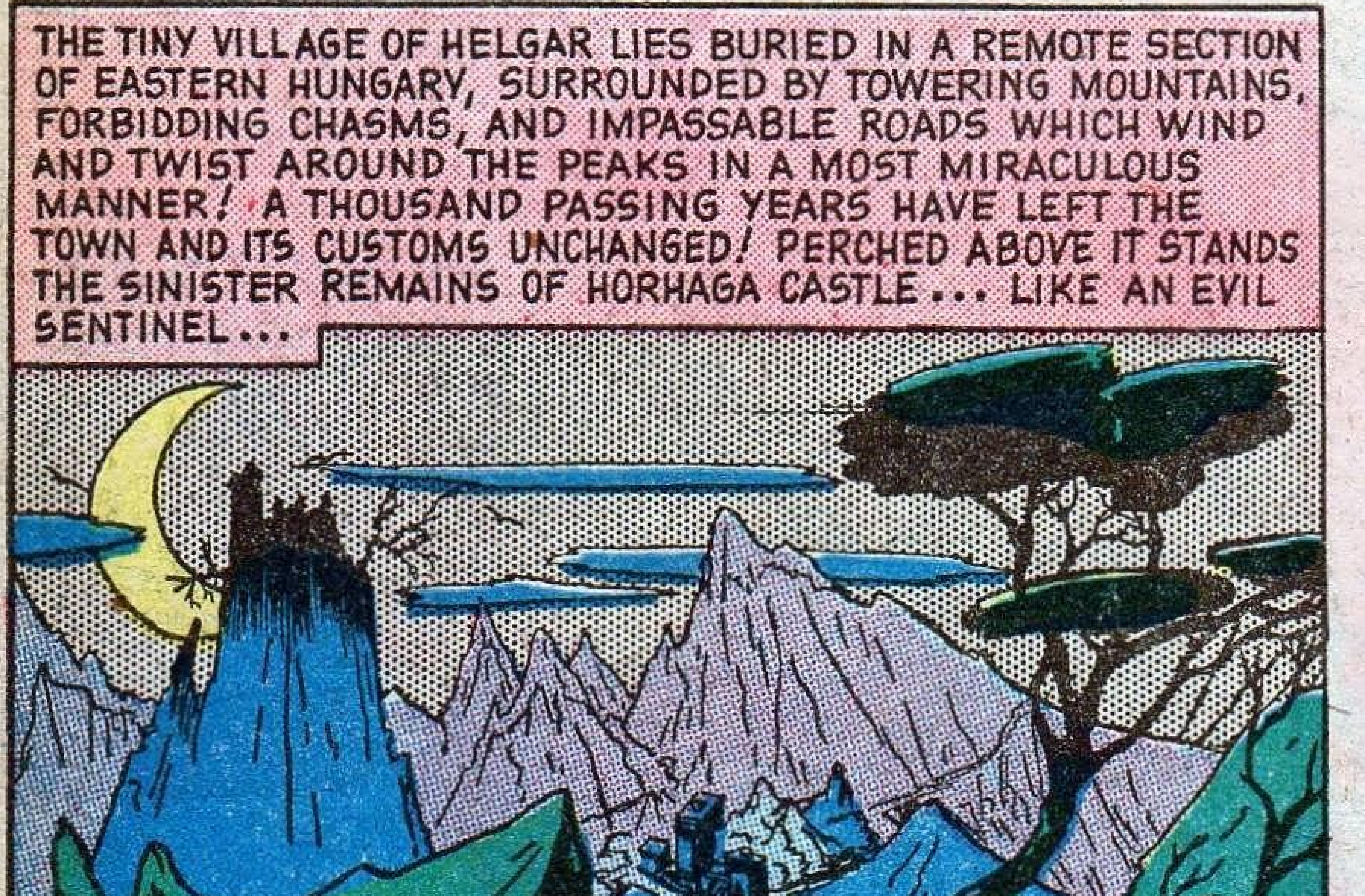
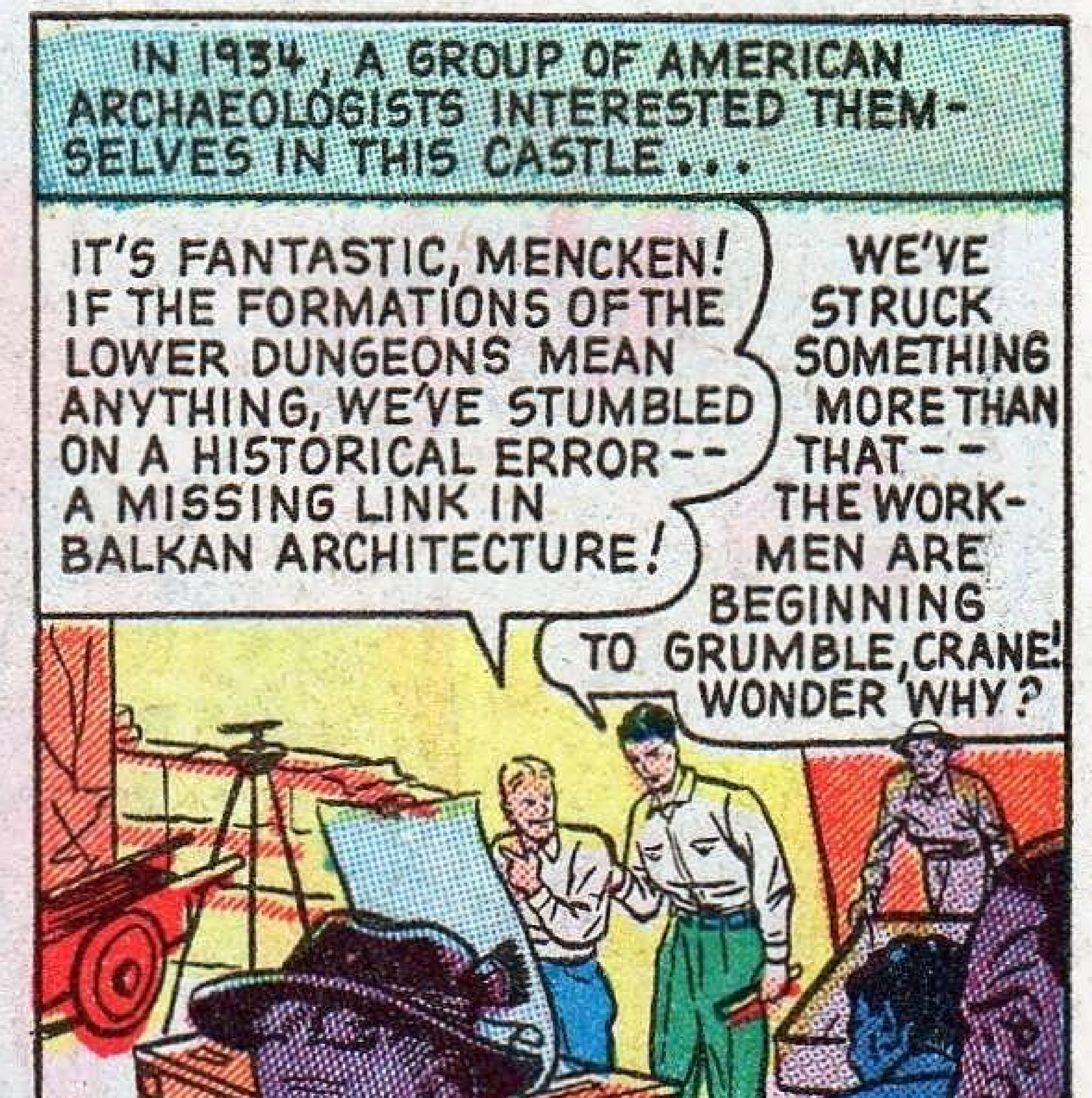
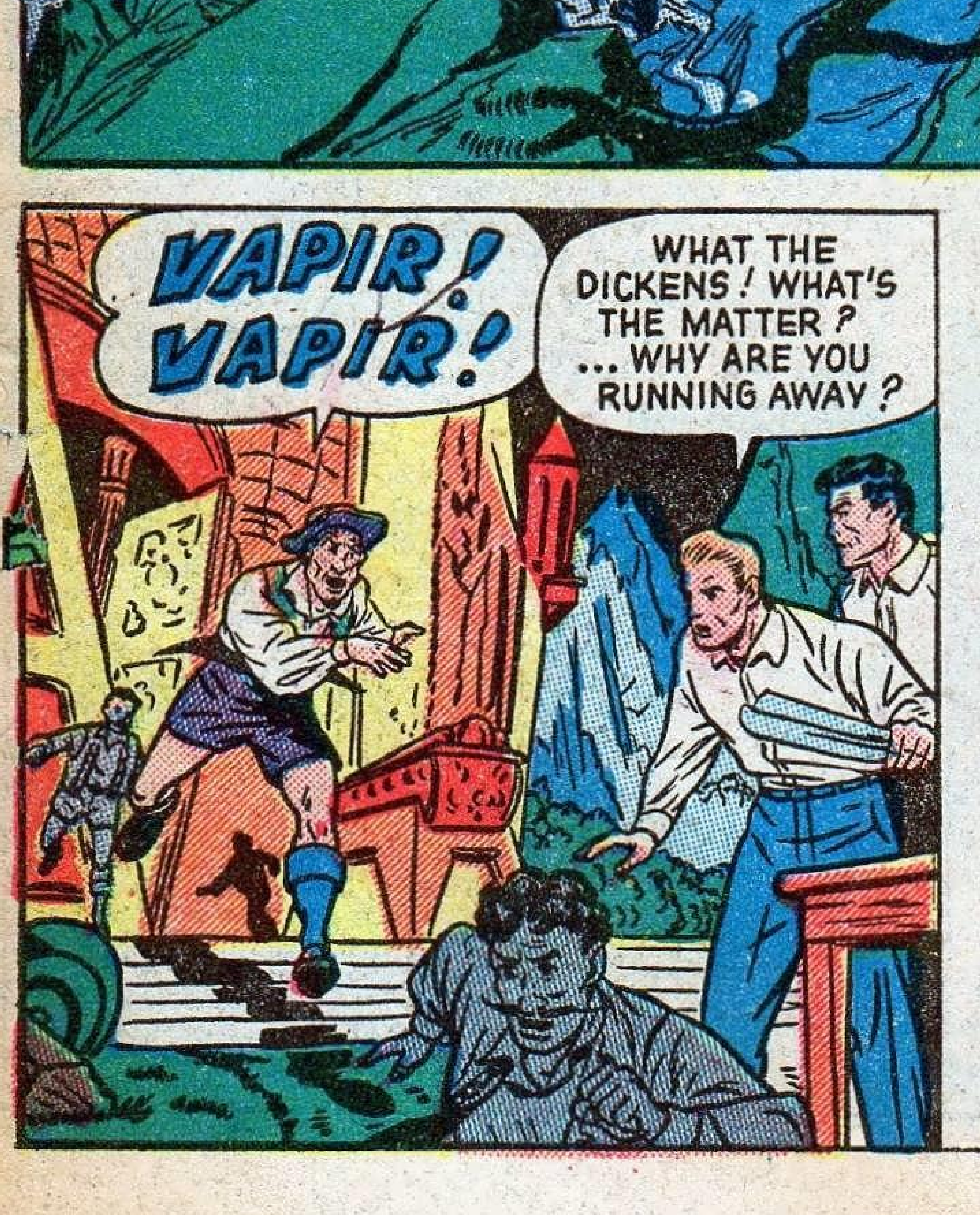


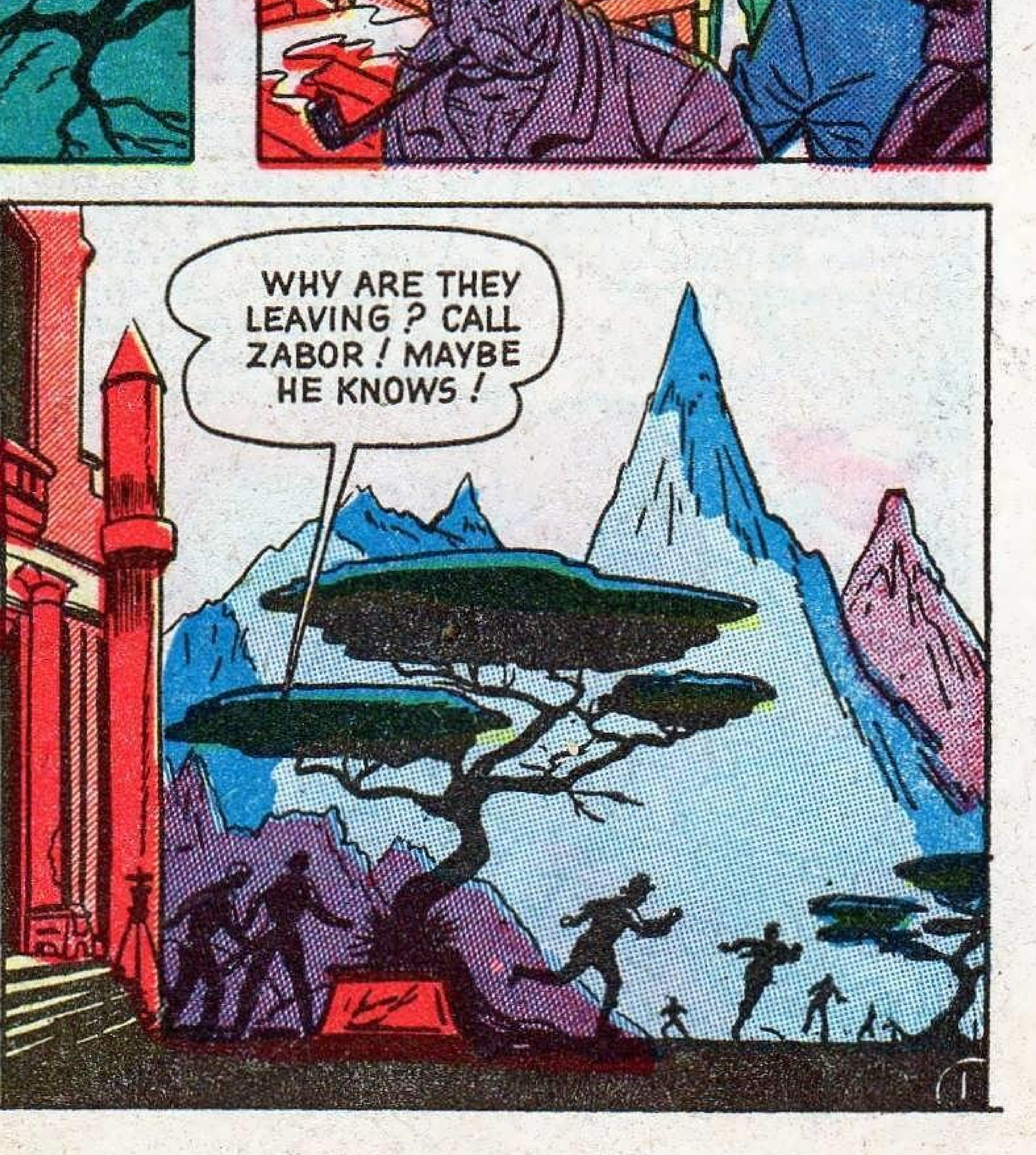
THE TINY VILLAGE OF HELGAR LIES BURIED IN A REMOTE SECTION OF EASTERN HUNGARY, SURROUNDED BY TOWERING MOUNTAINS, FORBIDDING CHASMS, AND IMPASSABLE ROADS WHICH WIND AND TWIST AROUND THE PEAKS IN A MOST MIRACULOUS MANNER! A THOUSAND PASSING YEARS HAVE LEFT THE TOWN AND ITS CUSTOMS UNCHANGED! PERCHED ABOVE IT STANDS THE SINISTER REMAINS OF HORHAGA CASTLE... LIKE AN EVIL SENTINEL...



IN 1934, A GROUP OF AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGISTS INTERESTED THEMSELVES IN THIS CASTLE...

IT'S FANTASTIC, MENCKEN! IF THE FORMATIONS OF THE LOWER DUNGEONS MEAN ANYTHING, WE'VE STUMBLED ON A HISTORICAL ERROR -- A MISSING LINK IN BALKAN ARCHITECTURE!
WE'VE STRUCK SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT -- THE WORKMEN ARE BEGINNING TO GRUMBLE, CRANE! WONDER WHY?


VAPIR! VAPIR!
WHAT THE DICKENS! WHAT'S THE MATTER? ... WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY?


WHY ARE THEY LEAVING? CALL ZABOR! MAYBE HE KNOWS!

ZABOR, WHAT'S ALL THIS SHOUTING ABOUT "VAPIR?"
...THEY SAY VAMPIRE, MR. CRANE! NO WORK IN HORHAGA CASTLE! THEY FOUND DOOR IN LOWER DUNGEON-- OLD STORIES SAY HORHAGA BROTHERS BURIED THERE! WHOLE FAMILY IS VAMPIRES! I GO, TOO!
WELL, I'LL BE...! THREE MONTHS' WORK GONE TO WASTE BECAUSE OF A STUPID OLD WIVES' TALE!
OUR PLANS DON'T SHOW ANY DOORS IN THE LOWER DUNGEON-- LET'S GO BELOW AND SEE WHAT PANICKED THEM SO!
THIS IS THE UPPER DUNGEON, ISN'T IT?
YES! WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS THE ADDITION OF A LOWER DUNGEON! THIS UPPER DUNGEON WAS BUILT IN 1382 -- THE LOWER DUNGEON WAS BUILT ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED YEARS LATER! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
THIS IS IT, MENCKEN! BUT WHERE IS THE DOOR THEY SPOKE OF?
LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE WALLS! THOSE OLD MASONS WERE PRETTY CRAFTY WHEN IT CAME TO HIDING THE OUTLINES OF A DOOR!
SUDDENLY...
GOOD GRIEF! LOOK AT THAT, CRANE! GRUESOME LOOKING, ISN'T IT?
IT'S HARDLY BIG ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO CRAWL THROUGH -- IF IT'S A DOOR! IT LOOKS MORE LIKE THE ENTRANCE TO A SMALL CRYPT!
IT'S SEALED TIGHT, MENCKEN! IT'LL TAKE A COLD CHISEL AND LOTS OF WORK TO OPEN IT!
LOOK HERE, CRANE -- LET'S LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE! WE'VE ACCOMPLISHED THE MAIN PURPOSE OF OUR MISSION, SO WHY NOT DROP THIS DOOR BUSINESS?
DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FALLEN FOR THIS TOMMYROT ABOUT VAMPIRES! WE'RE COMING BACK TONIGHT AND OPEN THIS DOOR! -- THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT FRIGHTENED...
OKAY, I'LL BE WITH YOU... BUT I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT IT!

THAT NIGHT, AS THEY PREPARED TO LEAVE THE INN...
WHO THE DICKENS CAN IT BE?
IT MAY BE ZABOR! I ASKED HIM TO ROUND UP A NEW WORK CREW FOR US BY MORNING! ... COME IN!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
MR. CRANE... MR. MENCKEN ... I'M SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THIS HOUR, BUT MY BUSINESS IS URGENT! I'M DR. MOLNAR!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, DOCTOR! WE'RE ... ER ... RATHER BUSY! WE WERE JUST LEAVING FOR...
... FOR HORHAGA CASTLE? I KNOW -- THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! THE TOWNSFOLK KNOW OF YOUR PLANS AND ARE VERY FRIGHTENED! YOU MUST NOT GO TO THE CASTLE TONIGHT!
NONSENSE! WE HAVE OFFICIAL PERMISSION TO MAKE A COMPLETE STUDY OF THE CASTLE AND ITS CONTENTS!
I'M AWARE OF YOUR AUTHORITY, GENTLEMEN! I, TOO, AM A SCIENTIST, BUT THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS... MORAL THINGS... WHICH COULD CAUSE GRAVE REPERCUSSIONS IF THEY WERE TAMPERED WITH!
NONSENSE! YOU'RE REFERRING TO THAT SUPERSTITIOUS ROT ABOUT VAMPIRES!
SEE HERE, DR. MOLNAR... WE'VE COME ACROSS SOMETHING IN THAT CASTLE WHICH MAY BE OF DEEP SCIENTIFIC INTEREST! WE WON'T BE DETERRED BY LEGENDS AND OLD WIVES' TALES ABOUT VAMPIRES!
OLD WIVES' TALES?
THESE TALES HAVE A BASIS IN FACT AND LEGEND! REINCARNATION AND METEMPSYCHOSIS ARE OLD-AGE BELIEFS! BECAUSE THESE MANIFESTATIONS ARE STILL BEYOND THE SCOPE OF MODERN SCIENCE, IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT WE MUST BRUSH THEM ASIDE AS SUPERSTITIONS OR LEGENDS!
THIS LITTLE TOWN IS STEEPED IN SUCH THOUGHTS! AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS OF CENTURIES PAST REVEAL THAT THE TOWNSFOLK SUFFERED TERRIBLY AT THE HANDS OF VAMPIRES! THOSE VAMPIRES WERE THE THREE SONS OF COUNT FERNEC HORHAGA -- THE MEN WHOSE CRYPT YOU INTEND TO UNSEAL TONIGHT!
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT OUR INTENTIONS OF EXCAVATING FURTHER -- TONIGHT -- REMAIN UNCHANGED!
REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, IF THE CROSS WHICH SEALS THE EVIL TOMB OF THE HORHAGA BROTHERS IS REMOVED, YOU AND YOU ALONE SHALL PAY FOR THE CONSEQUENCES!
GOOD NIGHT, DOCTOR!

LATER THAT NIGHT MENCKEN AND CRANE RETURNED TO HORHAGA CASTLE...
WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ANYTHING, HAVE WE?
WE'VE BROUGHT ENOUGH TOOLS AND CHISELS TO BATTER DOWN THE WHOLE CASTLE!
I FEEL FUNNY ABOUT THIS BUSINESS! MAYBE IT'S THE CROSS RESTING AGAINST THE SLAB...
NONSENSE! THEY PLACED THE CROSS THERE AS A PROTECTION, TO WARD OFF THE VAMPIRE SPIRITS OF THE HORHAGA BROTHERS!
THOSE OLD-TIMERS KNEW THE SECRETS OF MAKING POWERFUL CEMENT -- THIS CHISEL ISN'T EVEN DENTING THE SURFACE!
IT'LL START GIVING AS SOON AS YOU GET BELOW THE SURFACE! ...EASY ON THE DOOR! I WANT TO STUDY IT AFTER WE GET IT OUT!
SOON THE MASSIVE SLAB BEGAN TO GIVE...
SHE'S READY TO FALL OUT... ANY SECOND!
THIS SLAB IS MORE THAN TWO FEET THICK! IT MUST BE HINGED AT THE BOTTOM, SOMEHOW!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT TH'...! LOOK OUT!
GOOD GRIEF! ...BATS!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! DON'T YOU SEE? THIS CRYPT HAS BEEN SEALED FOR CENTURIES! WHERE DID THOSE BATS COME FROM? HOW DID THEY SUSTAIN LIFE?
I DON'T KNOW! LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE CHAMBER!
ANYTHING INTERESTING?
NOTHING BUT THE SMELL, SO FAR! IT REEKS OF DAMPNESS AND... FRESH EARTH! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

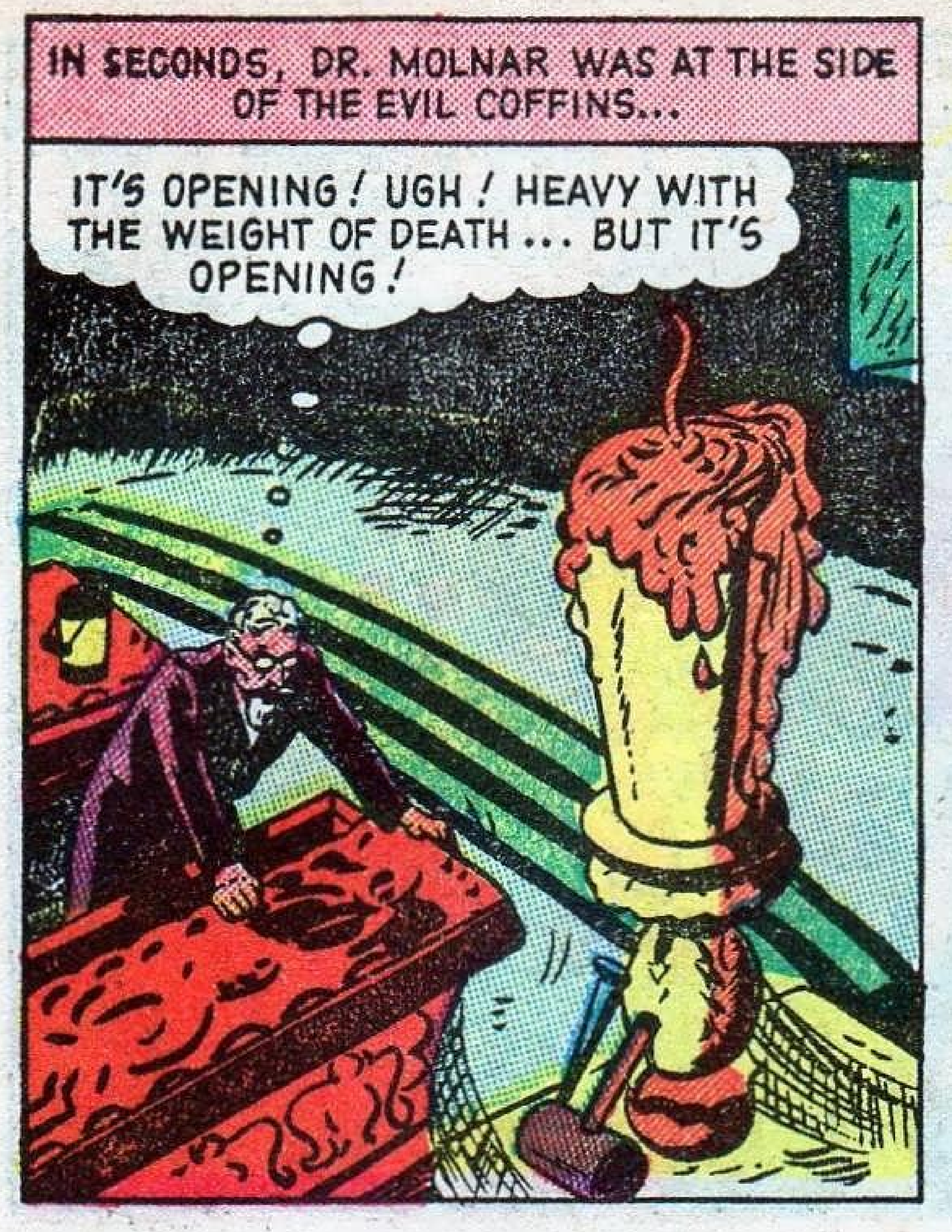
WHEW! WHAT A FIND! LOOK AT THE HAND-CARVED COFFINS-- NOTICE THE BYZANTINE INFLUENCE?
NO! I'M NOTICING SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT-- THERE ISN'T A NICHE BIG ENOUGH TO LET AN ANT IN HERE! HOW DID THOSE BATS LIVE THROUGH FOUR CENTURIES WITHOUT GETTING OUT?
THE HECK WITH THE BATS! HOW ARE WE GOING TO MOVE THESE COFFINS? NONE OF THE VILLAGERS WILL HELP US!
...AND I SAY, LET'S COME BACK IN THE DAYTIME!
HEH! HEH! HEE! HEE!
DID YOU JUST CHUCKLE, MENCKEN?
ME? I'M IN ANYTHING BUT A CHUCKLING MOOD! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
I DISTINCTLY HEARD A LOW CHUCKLE!... MY NERVES MUST BE KIND OF FRAYED!
IT WAS 1:00 A.M. WHEN THEY LEFT HORHAGA CASTLE! AT EXACTLY 2:30, A GOATHERD, TENDING HIS FLOCKS IN A PASTURE BELOW THE CASTLE, WITNESSED A STRANGE SIGHT...
...THERE IS SOMEONE STANDING ON THE PARAPET-- IT CAN'T BE--NOT AT THIS HOUR!
... IN THE NEXT SECOND OTHER FIGURES APPEARED, AND AS THE GOATHERD CROSSED HIMSELF REPEATEDLY...
THREE OF THEM! THEY ARE RUNNING DOWN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF! OH, HEAVEN HELP ME!
OHHH... NO! THE HORHAGA BROTHERS!

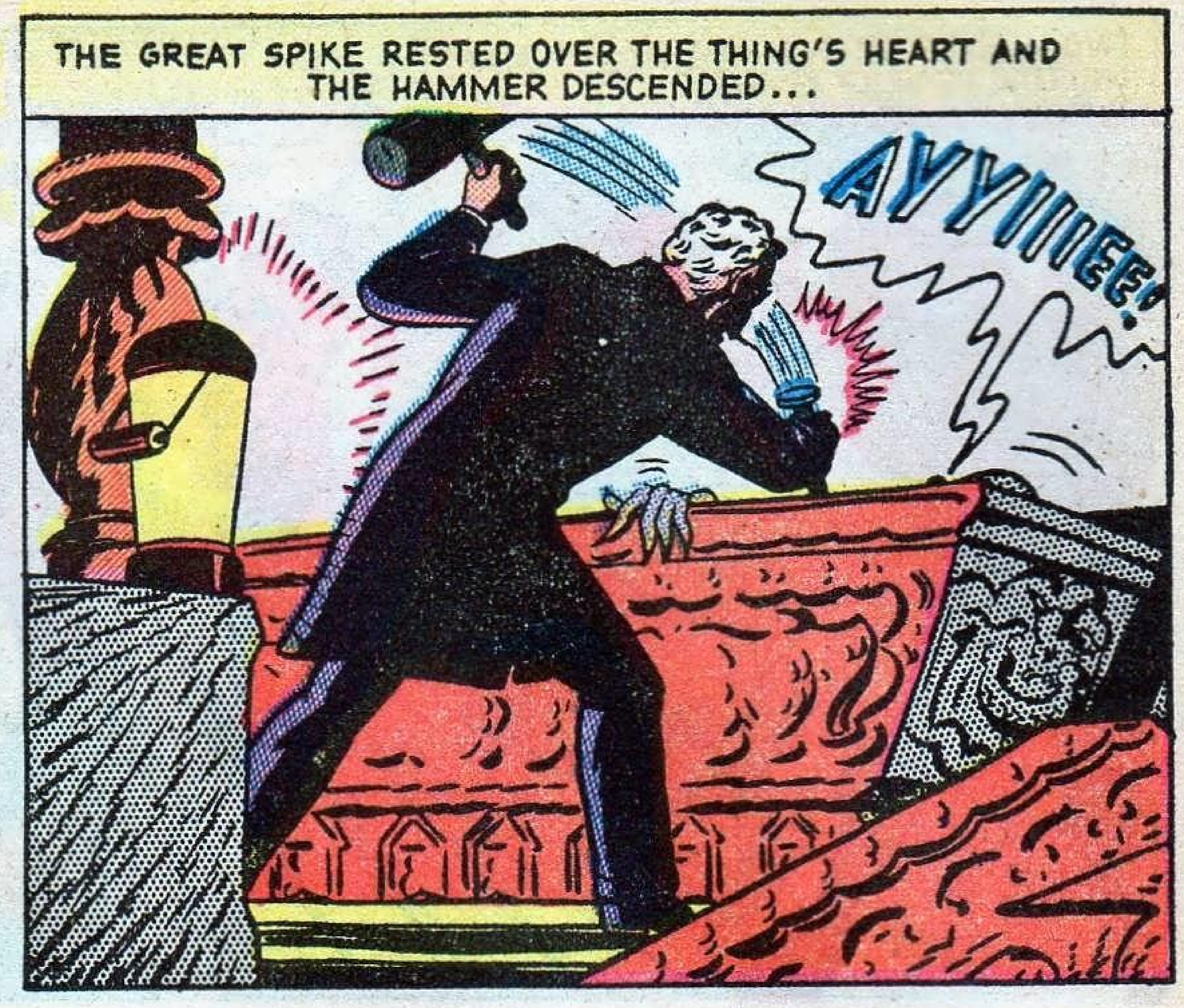
AT 3:00 A.M., A GENDARME STOOD IN THE SHADOWS OF A DOORWAY IN THE VILLAGE, WHEN...
WHAT THE DEUCE! ... I WONDER WHO IT CAN BE AT SUCH AN HOUR OF THE NIGHT!
IN THE NEXT SECOND THE GENDARME FROZE WITH TERROR!
IMPOSSIBLE! I MUST BE DREAMING! HE'S FLOATING UP THAT BUILDING!
SOME SNEAK THIEF WITH A NEW METHOD OF HOUSEBREAKING! HE WENT INTO AN ATTIC WINDOW... I'LL PUT A STOP TO THIS NONSENSE...
OPEN THE DOOR! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, OFFICER?
SOMEONE ENTERED YOUR HOUSE THROUGH AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW!
THROUGH AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, OFFICER!
... BUT I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
...NOW, WHERE'S YOUR MAN, EH? THE IDEA -- DISTURBING DECENT PEOPLE WITH SUCH OUTRAGEOUS IDEAS!
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER! SORRY, MADAME, I WAS ONLY DOING MY DUTY! OH, WELL... NEVER MIND! GOOD NIGHT!
GOOD NIGHT!
... SHE'S ASLEEP AGAIN... THAT'S ODD! I CLOSED THE WINDOW BEFORE SOPHIE WENT TO SLEEP! I GUESS SHE OPENED IT... TSK! TSK!

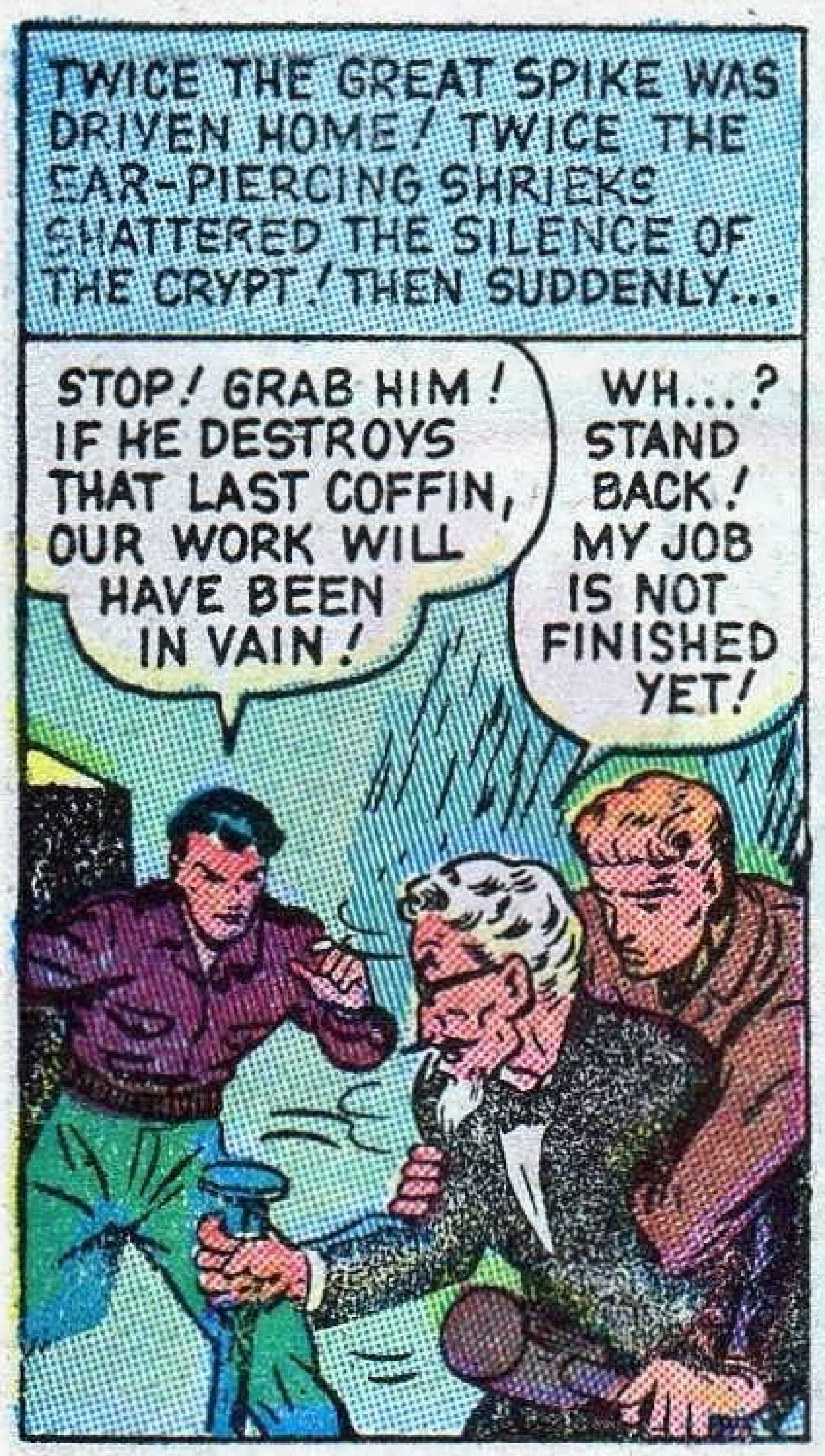
WHEN THE WOMAN LEFT, THE CURTAIN RUSTLED SOFTLY AND A MILLION LIGHTS DANCED IN THE RAYS OF THE PALE MOON, AND SUDDENLY...
THE GIRL AWOKE, TRANSFIXED WITH FEAR-- UNABLE TO MOVE AS THE FIGURE GLIDED SLOWLY TOWARD HER...
...AND THEN... THE KISS OF THE HALF-DEAD... THE KISS OF AN ANCIENT CURSE BEYOND THE REALM OF LIFE, BEYOND THE BLACK VASTNESS OF DEATH!
HE LEFT WHEN THE FIRST SHIMMER OF DAWN PALED THE GREENISH HUE OF THE MOON...
NEXT MORNING...
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN! I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU'VE SPENT A RESTFUL NIGHT! TOO BAD OTHERS DIDN'T SHARE YOUR PEACEFUL DREAMS... ESPECIALLY THE ONE WHO DIED THIS MORNING!
OH, DR. MOLNAR, HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHO DIED?
LAST NIGHT THE HORHAGA BROTHERS CAME TO LIFE! THEY WERE SEEN BY A GOATHERD AND, LATER, BY A GENDARME WHO FOLLOWED ONE OF THE BROTHERS TO A HOUSE HE HAD ENTERED! THE GIRL WHOSE ROOM HE VISITED DIED THIS MORNING!
YOU'RE MAD, DR. MOLNAR! WE REFUSE TO BELIEVE SUCH UTTER NONSENSE!
WAIT! GIVE US MORE DETAILS, DOCTOR!
THE MORE I SPEAK TO YOU, THE GREATER IS MY CONTEMPT FOR YOUR CYNICAL LITTLE MINDS, WHICH CLOSE THEMSELVES TO ALL THINGS WHICH ARE NOT WRITTEN IN SCHOOL BOOKS! SINCE YOU WANT MORE DETAILS -- COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

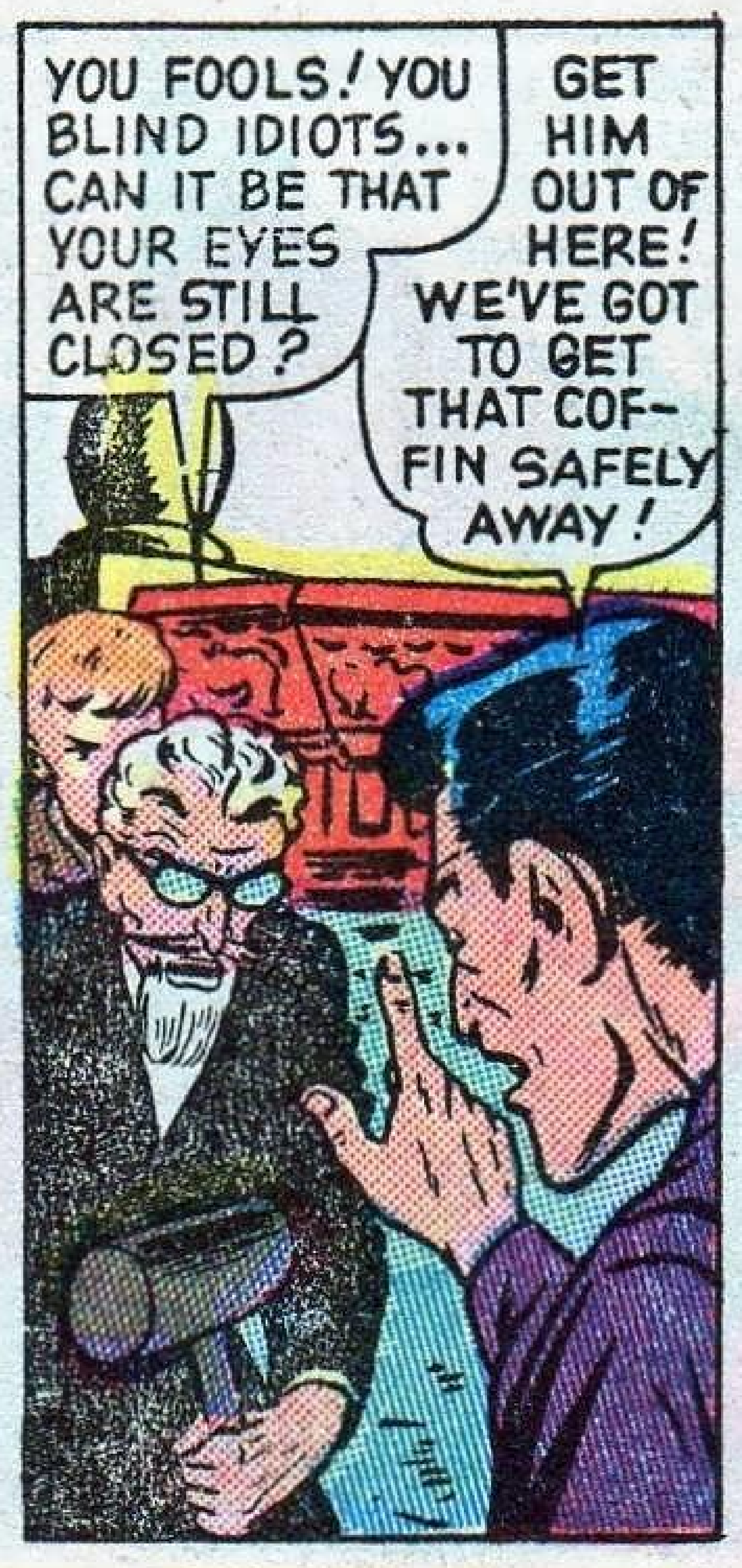
AT THE HOUSE OF THE VAMPIRE'S VICTIM...
THERE! FEED YOUR CURIOSITY ON THE MARKS ON HER THROAT! HAVE YOU SEEN SUCH MARKS ELSEWHERE? FROM WHAT MANNER OF BIRD, BEAST OR REPTILE? WELL... ANSWER ME!
DON'T GET EXCITED-- THERE MUST BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THE GIRL'S DEATH!
LOGICAL? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF LOGIC? THIS GIRL WAS HEALTHY YESTERDAY! THERE WILL BE OTHER DEATHS UNLESS YOU SEAL THE CRYPT OF THE HORHAGA BROTHERS! IF YOU WON'T, I WILL!
IF YOU DARE DISTURB OUR WORK, I WILL NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES IN BUDAPEST! GOOD DAY, DOCTOR!
WE REALLY SHOULD TAKE EVERYTHING INTO CONSIDERATION! AFTER ALL, WHAT ABOUT THE GOATHERD AND THE GENDARME?
POPPYCOCK! ... CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT LED UP TO THIS MESS?
LISTEN-- TWO AMERICANS COME TO A SUPERSTITION-RIDDEN LITTLE TOWN AND START TAMPERING WITH ITS LEGENDS! THE TOWNSFOLK RESENT THE INTRUSION AND BEGIN TO REACT MENTALLY! BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, A STATE OF MASS HYPNOSIS EXISTS! ... DON'T YOU SEE IT?
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!
THAT EVENING DR. MOLNAR SETTLED HIMSELF FOR AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL IN A CORNER OF HORHAGA CASTLE...
... AUTHORITY, EH? THIS STEEL SPIKE AND MALLET WILL END THIS DREADFUL CURSE THOSE AMERICANS LET LOOSE!
WHILE, CLOSE BY, A SMALL BOY HURRIED HOMEWARD...
WHO CAN THAT BE? HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYONE I KNOW ... I'M FRIGHTENED!
WHO ARE YOU?... WHAT DO YOU WANT?
ARGH-H-H-H!

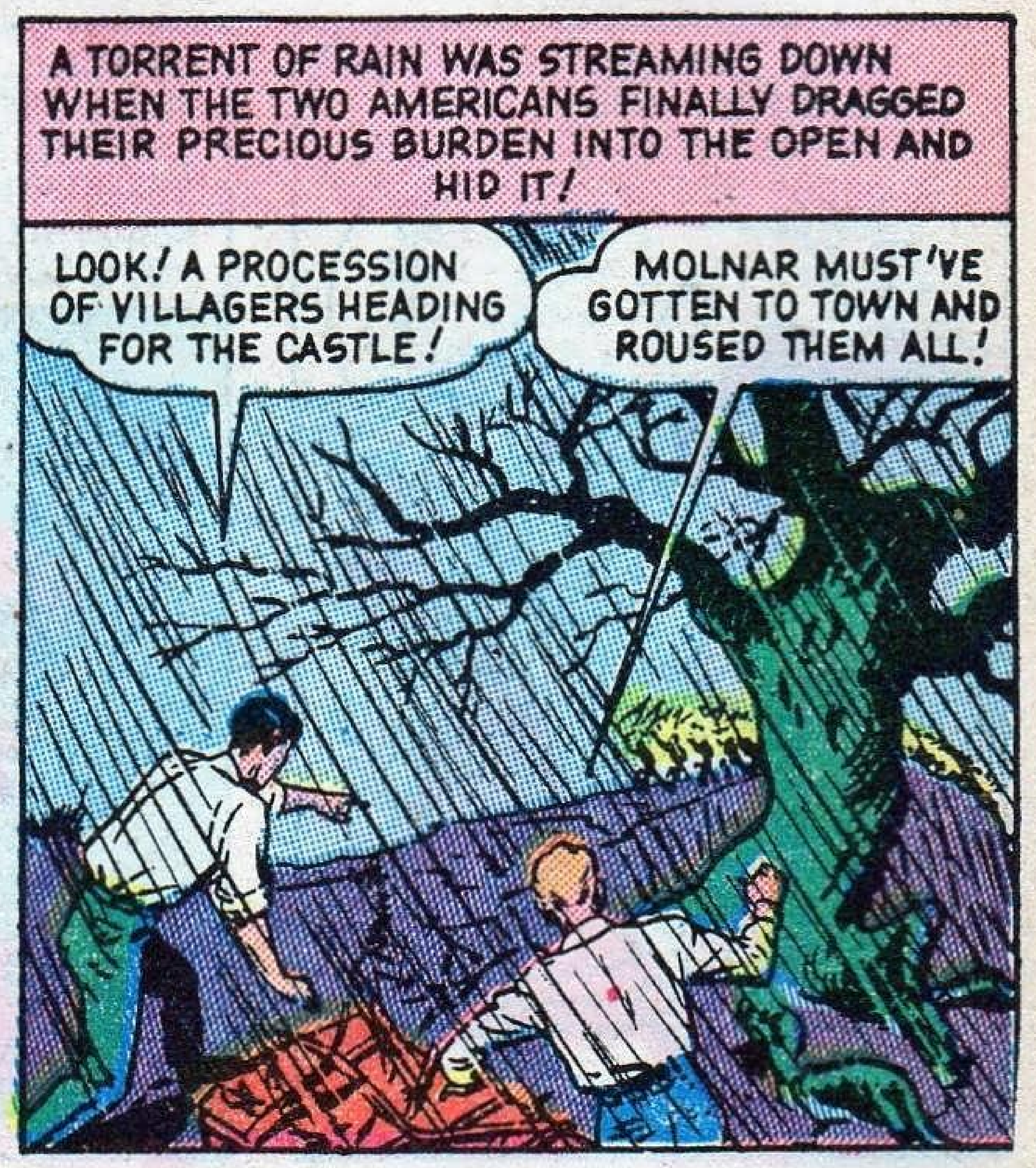
MEANWHILE, AT A MASQUERADE PARTY IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...
'I'M TELLING YOU I'M SURE, HELENA! WE INVITED TWELVE GUESTS AND THERE ARE THIRTEEN!
YES, FRANK... I, TOO, HAVE NOTICED IT! AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS MY IMAGINATION --LET'S COUNT THEM AGAIN!
...ELEVEN...TWELVE *THIRTEEN*! WHO CAN THE EXTRA GUEST BE?
PERHAPS SOME NEIGHBOR PLAYING A PRANK! OH WELL--THE MORE THE MERRIER!
HA! HA! ... BUT I MUST KNOW YOU... YET YOU SEEM SO STRANGE! COME NOW, SAY SOMETHING... LET ME RECOGNIZE YOU BY YOUR VOICE!
OH... SO YOU WANT TO BE ROMANTIC, EH? WELL, I'LL MAKE A FAIR BARGAIN WITH YOU -- UNMASK AND I'LL LET YOU KISS ME -- ONCE! HA-HA-HA!
...AND AS THE NIGHT PALED, DR. MOLNAR'S VIGIL WAS REWARDED...
NOW--NOW IS THE TIME!

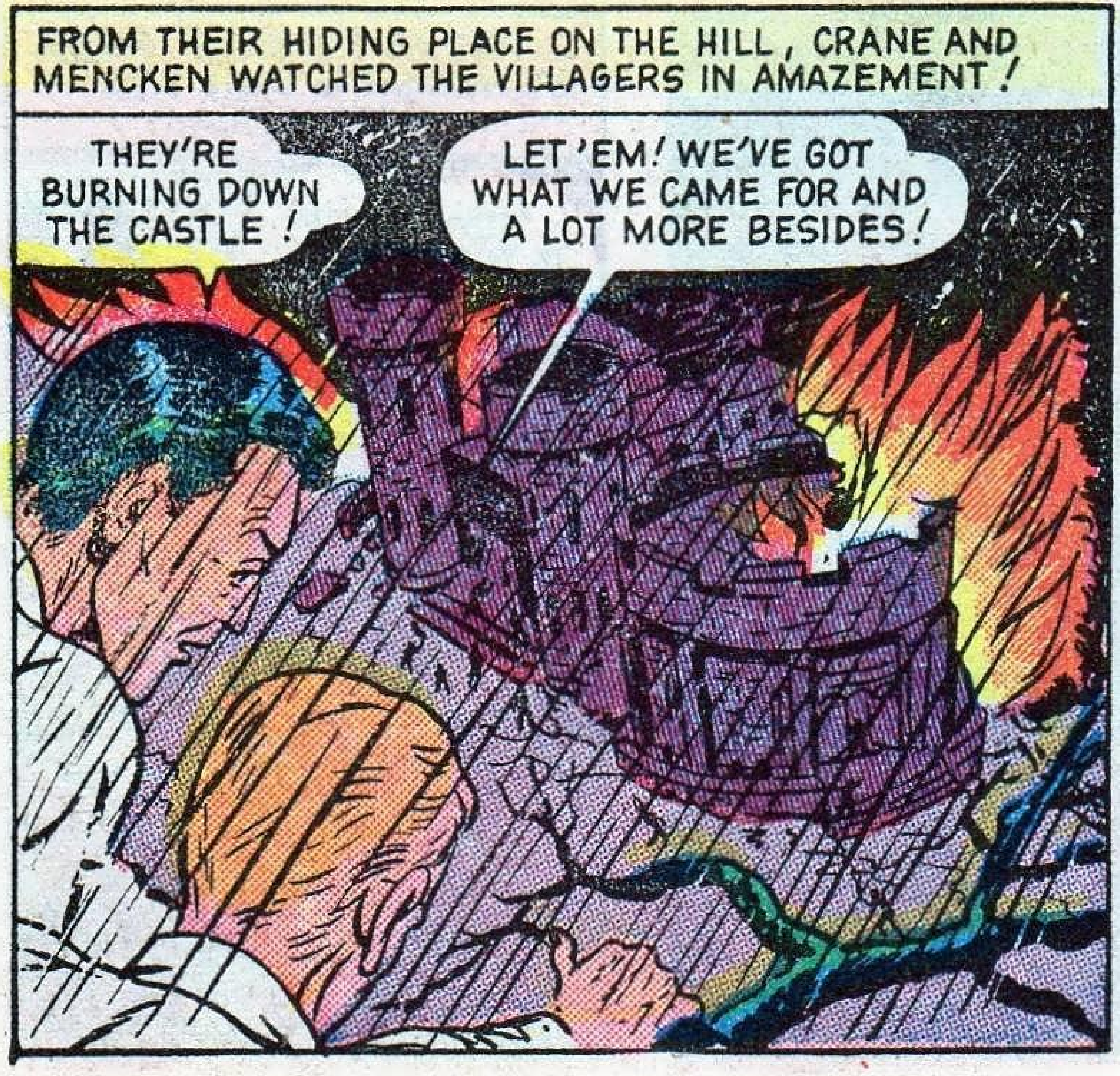

IN SECONDS, DR. MOLNAR WAS AT THE SIDE OF THE EVIL COFFINS...
IT'S OPENING! UGH! HEAVY WITH THE WEIGHT OF DEATH... BUT IT'S OPENING!

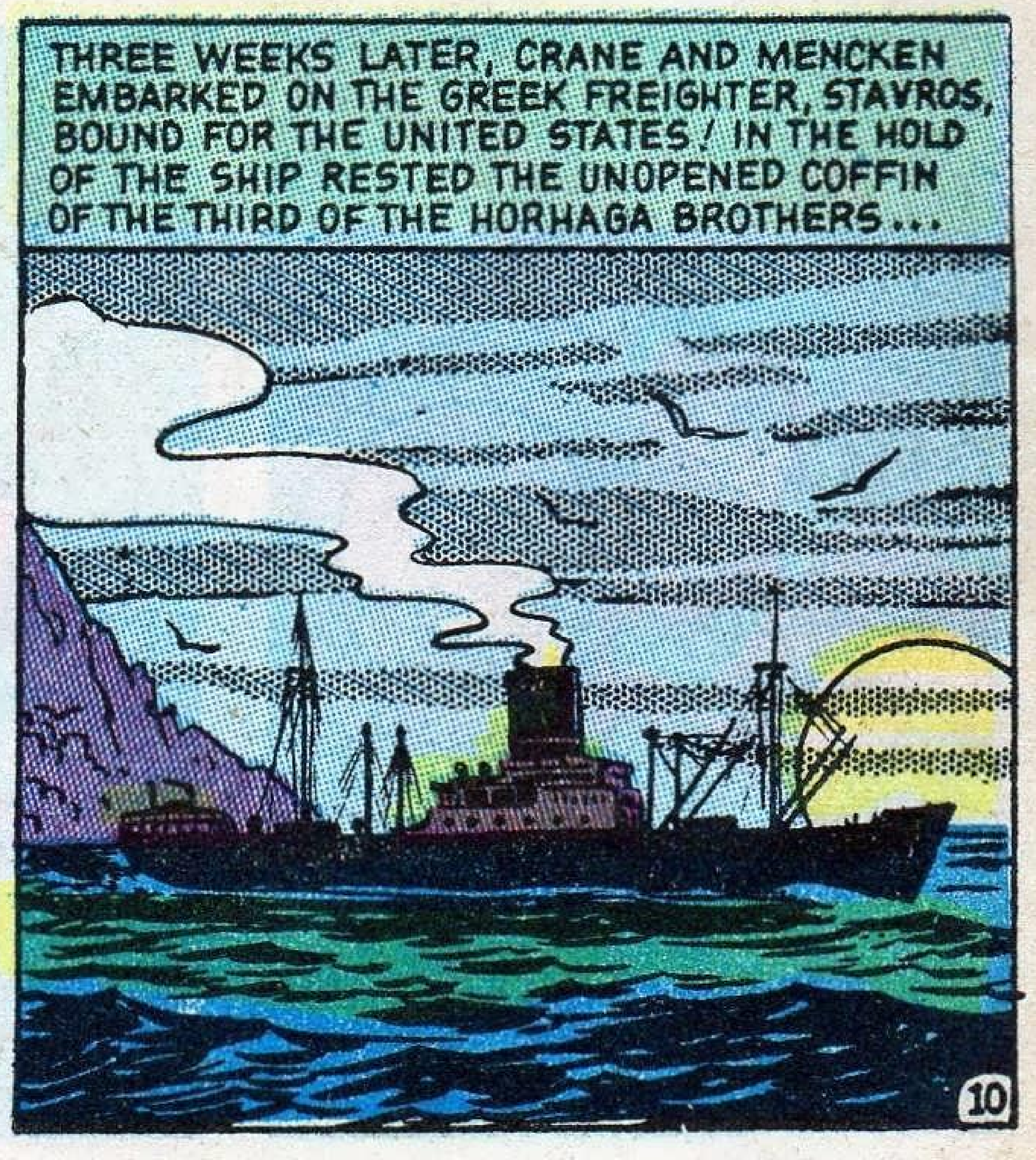

THE GREAT SPIKE RESTED OVER THE THING'S HEART AND THE HAMMER DESCENDED...
AYYIIIEEE!


TWICE THE GREAT SPIKE WAS DRIVEN HOME! TWICE THE EAR-PIERCING SHRIEKS SHATTERED THE SILENCE OF THE CRYPT! THEN SUDDENLY...
STOP! GRAB HIM! IF HE DESTROYS THAT LAST COFFIN, OUR WORK WILL HAVE BEEN IN VAIN!
WH...? STAND BACK! MY JOB IS NOT FINISHED YET!


YOU FOOLS! YOU BLIND IDIOTS... CAN IT BE THAT YOUR EYES ARE STILL CLOSED?
GET HIM OUT OF HERE! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT COFFIN SAFELY AWAY!


A TORRENT OF RAIN WAS STREAMING DOWN WHEN THE TWO AMERICANS FINALLY DRAGGED THEIR PRECIOUS BURDEN INTO THE OPEN AND HID IT!
LOOK! A PROCESSION OF VILLAGERS HEADING FOR THE CASTLE!
MOLNAR MUST'VE GOTTEN TO TOWN AND ROUSED THEM ALL!


FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE ON THE HILL, CRANE AND MENCKEN WATCHED THE VILLAGERS IN AMAZEMENT!
THEY'RE BURNING DOWN THE CASTLE!
LET 'EM! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR AND A LOT MORE BESIDES!


THREE WEEKS LATER, CRANE AND MENCKEN EMBARKED ON THE GREEK FREIGHTER, STAVROS, BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES! IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP RESTED THE UNOPENED COFFIN OF THE THIRD OF THE HORHAGA BROTHERS...

TWO MONTHS LATER A BRITISH SHIP SIGHTED A DRIFTING DERELICT 60 MILES WEST OF GIBRALTAR...
SHE SEEMS TO BE DRIFTING WITH THE CURRENT-- CAN'T MAKE OUT HER FLAG! CUT THE ENGINES TO HALF-SPEED AND HAVE A CREW READY TO BOARD HER!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
TEN MINUTES LATER, A SALVAGE CREW BOARDED THE DERELICT...
SHE'S THE MISSING GREEK FREIGHTER, STAVROS! SHE'S DESERTED... NO SIGN OF LIFE OR VIOLENCE! QUEER SITUATION, SIR!
AYE, HER LOG DISAPPEARED FROM THE WHEEL HOUSE! ... ANYTHING IN THE HOLD?
JUST A COFFIN, SIR! NO NAME PLATE OR ANYTHING ON IT!
A COFFIN, EH? IT'S A STRANGE BUSINESS! ... IT WOULDN'T PAY TO TAKE HER IN TOW, SINCE SHE HAS NO CARGO!
JUST PUT A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE IN HER ENGINE ROOMS AND BLOW HER UP! SHE'S A MENACE TO NAVIGATION IN THESE WATERS!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
TWO HOURS LATER...
THERE SHE GOES! PLOT HER POSITION AND SEND A WRECKAGE WARNING TO GIBRALTAR!
HMMM... I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED ABOARD HER?
THE REMAINS OF THE STAVROS FLOATED IN SPLINTERS ON THE SEA -- JUST A MASS OF FLOATING DEBRIS -- WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A SOLITARY OBJECT WHICH DRIFTED WESTWARD AS THOUGH DRIVEN BY SOME UNSEEN FORCE! SOMEDAY IT WILL LAND ON A DESERTED BEACH, PERHAPS IN EUROPE ... PERHAPS IN AMERICA-- BUT SOMEDAY IT WILL LAND!
THE END

"A Letter to Our Readers and Their Parents!"

IT IS OUR EARNEST HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY reading our magazines. You know, there are many different kinds of stories, and we get a different kind of satisfaction from each one. We like the stories of Robin Hood and the Iliad of Homer, because we can imagine ourselves heroes, overcoming the enemy. We like stories of great men in history, because they make us ambitious to do good, kind deeds. We like stories of mischievous boys like Tom Sawyer, because Tom does many of the things we would enjoy doing, but some of them we cannot do.

Some of you probably choose books with a lot of pictures, because the pictures seem to make the story live. That, to some extent, explains your interest in comics.

In our magazines, we try to give you good pictures and interesting stories. We would like to feel, also, that we are helping you to take a stand in favor of right and justice, develop respect for law and order, and learn to protect weaker people, just like the heroes in our adventure stories.

The grown-ups of this world owe you young people an apology, because we haven't made the world a very secure and peaceful place in which to live. Our comics portray, it is true, some of the unhappy things that happen in the world. But they are things you know about anyway—and in the stories, at least, the good people always win. All of us wish it were that way in real life as well.

Just as there are good and bad people, good and bad radio programs, good and bad movies, so there is good and bad literature. In order to help you always choose the good, we will continue to do our best to maintain a high standard in our own magazines.

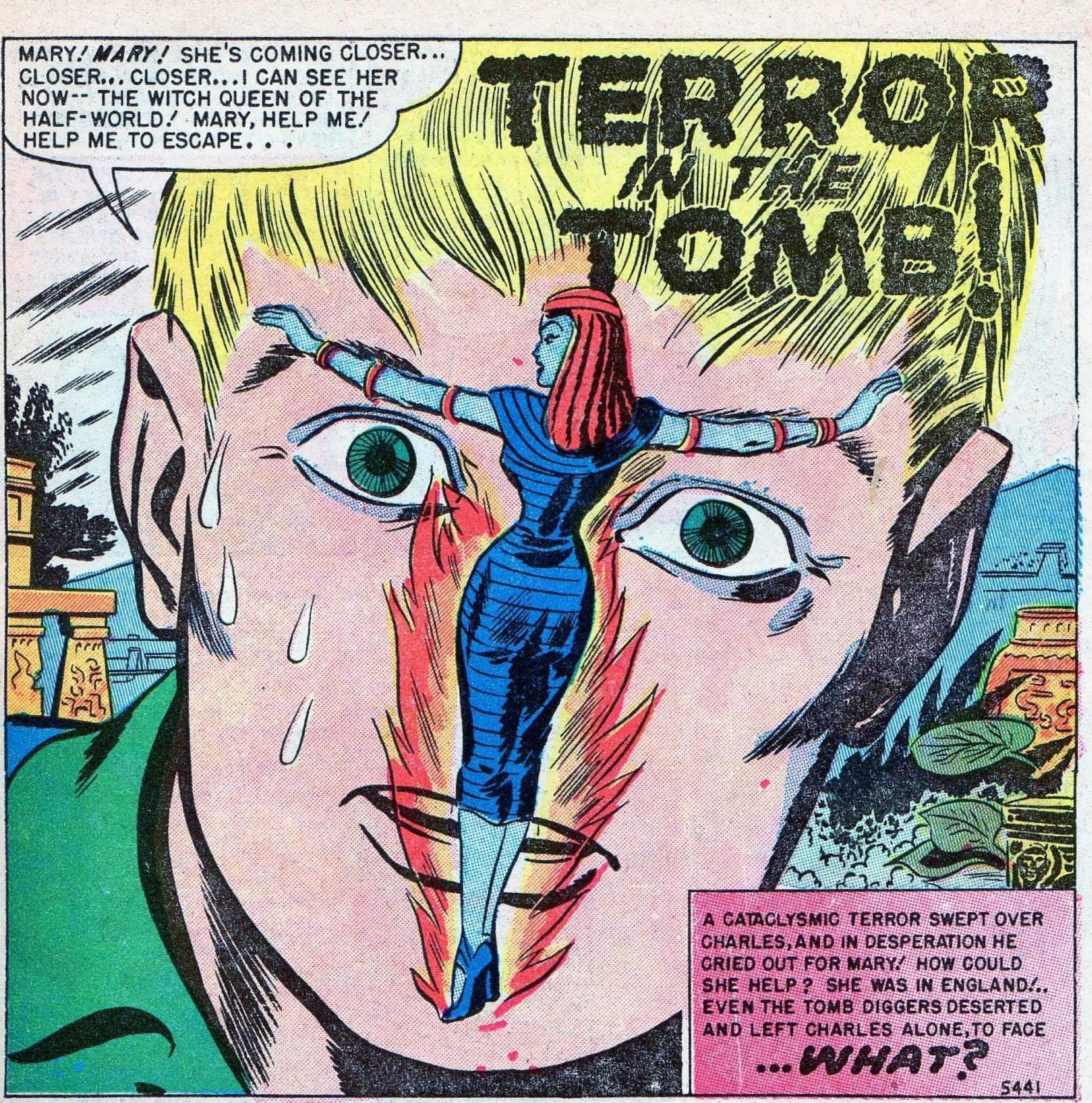
Please remember that comics, with their many pictures, are just one type of literature. We also want you to grow familiar with the great books in our vast literary heritage, and we have no doubt that, with guidance from your parents, teachers, and town librarians, you *will* become interested in those classics, and learn to love them.

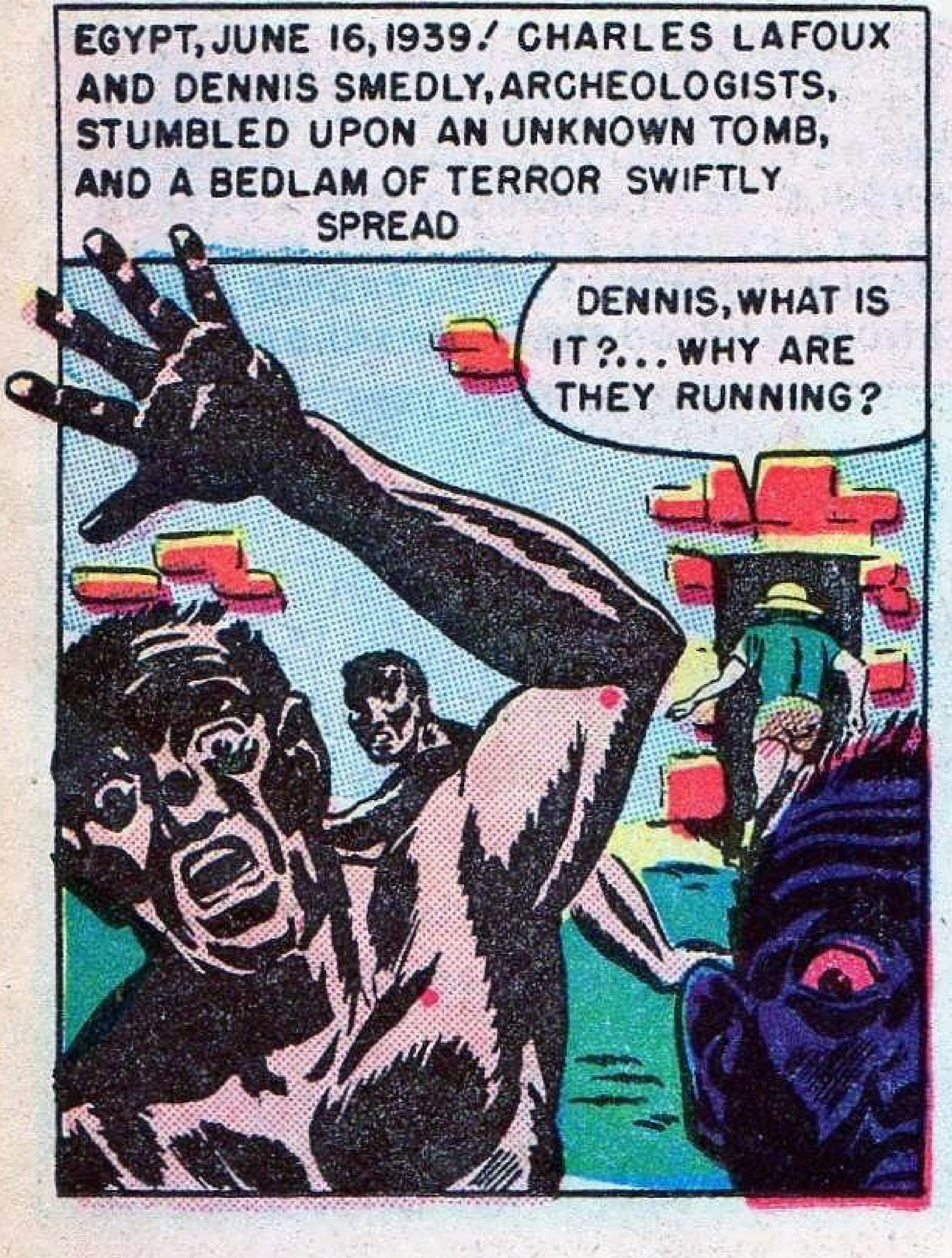
Meanwhile, don't forget, though you can get the thrill of humor and adventure in comic magazines—they should, nonetheless, be considered in two ways: Not only for the pleasure they give you, but also as a stepping-stone to your appreciation of books that have stood the test of time as reading fare for all people, young and old.

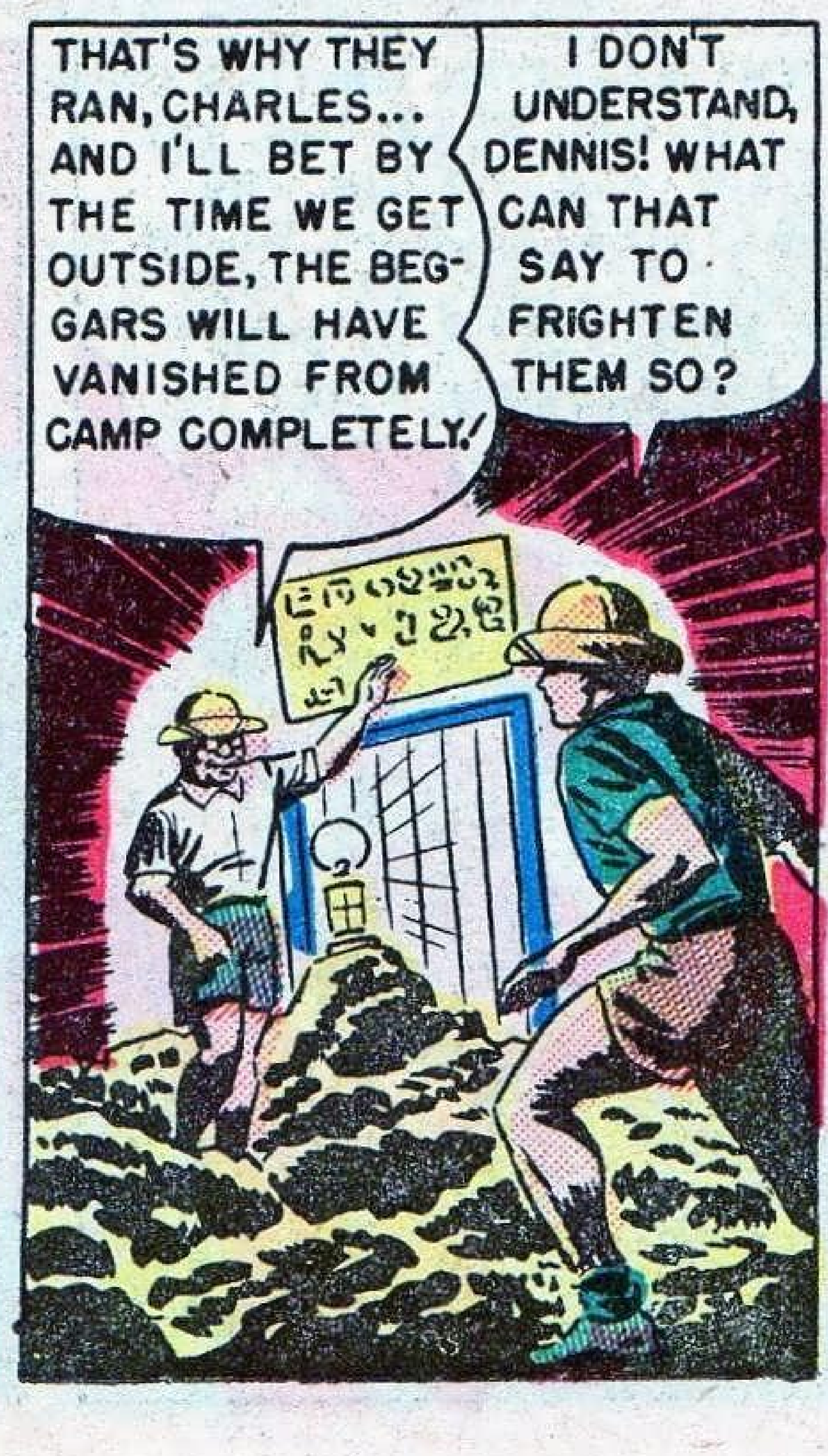
Incidentally, one of our recent editorials used the word "endorsement" in connection with Dr. Thompson's services to us as Editorial Consultant. In the interest of further clarification of Dr. Thompson's functions, we wish to state that Marvel Comic Group submits all its published magazines to Dr. Thompson for review, criticism, and report to our staff, which is under constant instruction to accept Dr. Thompson's criticisms, and to abide by the same. In this way, we constantly strive to bring better comic magazines to our vast group of readers.

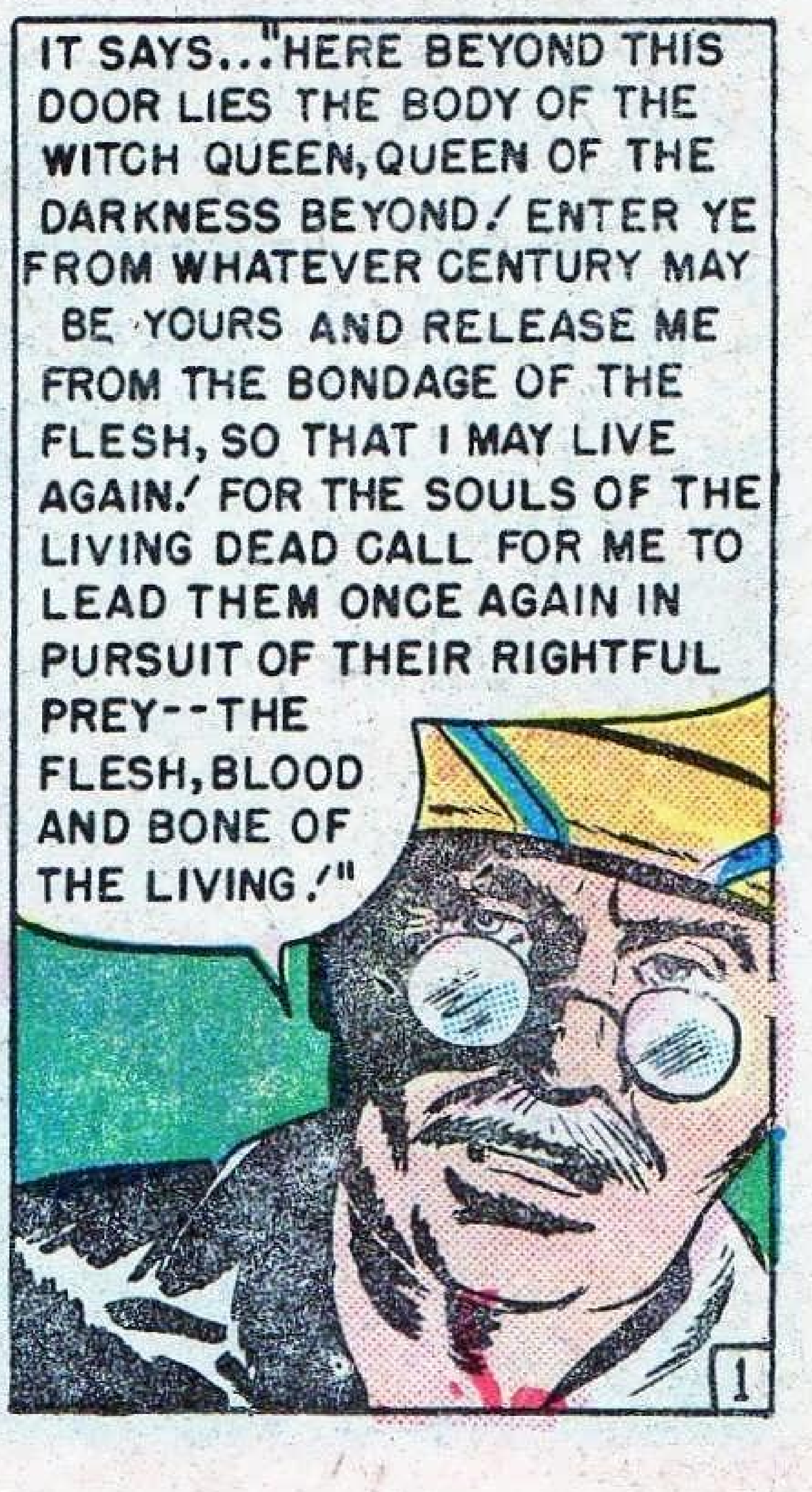
MARVEL COMIC GROUP
THE EDITORS

TERROR IN THE TOMB!


MARY! MARY! SHE'S COMING CLOSER... CLOSER... CLOSER... I CAN SEE HER NOW-- THE WITCH QUEEN OF THE HALF-WORLD! MARY, HELP ME! HELP ME TO ESCAPE. . .
A CATACLYSMIC TERROR SWEPT OVER CHARLES, AND IN DESPERATION HE CRIED OUT FOR MARY! HOW COULD SHE HELP? SHE WAS IN ENGLAND!.. EVEN THE TOMB DIGGERS DESERTED AND LEFT CHARLES ALONE, TO FACE ...WHAT?
5441


EGYPT, JUNE 16, 1939! CHARLES LAFOUX AND DENNIS SMEDLY, ARCHEOLOGISTS, STUMBLED UPON AN UNKNOWN TOMB, AND A BEDLAM OF TERROR SWIFTLY SPREAD
DENNIS, WHAT IS IT?... WHY ARE THEY RUNNING?


THAT'S WHY THEY RAN, CHARLES... AND I'LL BET BY THE TIME WE GET OUTSIDE, THE BEGGARS WILL HAVE VANISHED FROM CAMP COMPLETELY!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DENNIS! WHAT CAN THAT SAY TO FRIGHTEN THEM SO?


IT SAYS..."HERE BEYOND THIS DOOR LIES THE BODY OF THE WITCH QUEEN, QUEEN OF THE DARKNESS BEYOND! ENTER YE FROM WHATEVER CENTURY MAY BE YOURS AND RELEASE ME FROM THE BONDAGE OF THE FLESH, SO THAT I MAY LIVE AGAIN! FOR THE SOULS OF THE LIVING DEAD CALL FOR ME TO LEAD THEM ONCE AGAIN IN PURSUIT OF THEIR RIGHTFUL PREY--THE FLESH, BLOOD AND BONE OF THE LIVING!"

OH, RUBBISH! WITH THE WORKMEN GONE, WE'LL BE DELAYED AGAIN! WHY COULDN'T THEY HAVE TAKEN OUT THOSE LAST FEW SHOVELSFUL?
I KNOW HOW ANXIOUS YOU ARE TO GET BACK TO MARY, MY BOY, BUT THIS IS WHAT WE CAME FOR--THIS IS THE GREATEST FIND EVER! FOR CENTURIES MEN HAVE SOUGHT THE TOMB OF THE WITCH QUEEN! WE HAVE FOUND IT!
AFTER WHAT I'VE READ OF THE WITCH QUEEN, I CAN'T SAY I HALF BLAME THE MEN FOR RUNNING OFF...BUT, AS YOU SAY, I'M RATHER ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO ENGLAND AND MARY AGAIN! WE'RE TO BE MARRIED ON MY RETURN, YOU KNOW!
I KNOW! WELL, BEST GET SOME SLEEP, CHARLES, AND IN THE MORNING WE'LL PACK UP AND TREK BACK TO CAIRO FOR MORE DIGGERS! 'NIGHT!
I LAY ON MY BUNK BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP! I WANTED MARY SO BADLY, I LOVED HER SO DEARLY, THAT THIS NEW DELAY SEEMED MORE THEN I COULD STAND!
IF THEY HAD ONLY CLEARED THE PASSAGE SO WE COULD GET IN... PERHAPS THE TOMB IS EMPTY LIKE SO MANY OF THE OTHERS! IF IT IS, WE CAN PACK AND START BACK TO ENGLAND IMMEDIATELY!
THERE ARE ONLY A FEW SHOVELSFUL OF EARTH LEFT IN FRONT OF THE DOORS! I'LL CLEAR IT OUT NOW, AND SEE IF THE TOMB IS EMPTY OR NOT!
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO CLEAR THE DIRT AWAY! I PUT MY SHOULDERS TO THE DOORS AND THEY SLOWLY PUSHED BACK... AND I ENTERED THE TOMB OF THE WITCH QUEEN!
THE WITCH QUEEN! WHY, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! WHAT'S THAT IN HER HANDS?
AS I BENT FORWARD AND REACHED FOR THE SCROLL OF PAPYRUS, HER HANDS SEEMED TO STIR IN A SMALL GESTURE, AS THOUGH GLADLY RELEASING THE SCROLL TO ME! I SHUDDERED AND UNROLLED IT!
IT HAS ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WRITING ON IT! IT SAYS... "YE WHO READ THIS, SAY YE THE ANCIENT WORDS FROM THE BLACK PAGES OF THE BOOK OF THOTH, AND IN SO DOING RELEASE ME, YOUR QUEEN, AND BRING FORTH MY GHOST SOUL FROM THE ETERNAL FIRES OF LIMBO! SAY YE THESE WORDS...'COME FORTH, OH QUEEN OF THE WITCH REALM, THE CALL HAS COME FROM THE LIVING, AND THE EERIE WRAITHS BEYOND THE VEIL!' COME FORTH!"
NO SOONER HAD THE WORDS LEFT MY MOUTH THAN A HORRIBLE SOUND OF SECRET BUBBLING LAUGHTER SEEMED TO ENGULF ME! I DROPPED THE LANTERN IN MY ABYSMAL FRIGHT AND RUSHED MADLY TOWARD THE ENTRANCE, AWAY FROM THE CURSED DARKNESS!
2

I STUMBLED INTO MY TENT, MY NERVES SCREAMING! SOME GREAT CATACLYSM OF FEAR, BORN OUT OF THE DAWN OF TIME, SEEMED TO GRIP MY VITALS!
WHAT HAVE I MADE? WHAT STUPIDITY MADE ME READ THAT ACCURSED SENTENCE?
I LOOKED DOWN AT THE SCROLL STILL IN MY HAND AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I NOTICED A SMALL BOOK OF ANCIENT VINTAGE, THE BACK COVER FASTENED FIRMLY TO THE PAPYRUS!
THE COVER IS MARKED--"PRIESTS OF THE LIGHT" I REMEMBER NOW. THEY WERE MONKS OF PEACE, BITTERLY OPPOSED TO THE WITCH QUEEN AND THE PRIESTS OF THOTH!
FEVERISHLY I OPENED THE LITTLE VOLUME AND BEGAN TO READ!
"KNOW THOU, THEN, THAT HE WHO RELEASES THE WITCH QUEEN'S GHOSTLY BLACK SOUL SHALL BE DECREED BY HER TO STAND AS KING AT HER SIDE, AND RULE THE HALF-WORLD OF TORMENTED, HUNGRY SOULS WITH HER! DEATH BY HIS OWN HAND, BEFORE THE WITCH QUEEN CALLS HIS SOUL, CAN BE THIS POOR CREATURE'S ONLY SALVATION."
I MUST BE CALM! THIS IS ALL SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME ON THIS BEASTLY EXPEDITION! I SHOULD HAVE MARRIED MARY AND STAYED IN ENGLAND! OH, MARY, MARY, AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT TOUCHED BY THIS FILTHY BUSINESS!
AS THE HOURS OF NIGHT WORE ON AND NOTHING HAPPENED, I GREW MORE CALM.
THIS BUSINESS IS GETTING ME--ACTING THE FOOL THAT WAY.. HALF BELIEVING IN THAT SILLY GIBBERISH! TOMORROW I HEAD FOR HOME...AND MARY...
THOU HAST CALLED AND I HAVE COME OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF CENTURIES, O KIN OF THOTH!
NO...NO! GO BACK TO THE FEARFUL PLACE YOU CRAWLED FROM! GO AWAY!
I CANNOT! IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN! FOR MANY CENTURIES I HAVE LAIN AT REST--NOW I MUST HAVE MY WAY WITH THE SOULS OF MEN! THOU SHALT BE MY KING! THOU HAST LOVE FOR A WOMAN, NAMED MARY! WHEN THOU STANDEST IN LIMBO BESIDE ME, HERS IS THE FIRST SOUL THOU SHALT CALL INTO THE ABYSS--TO BE ONE OF OUR SLAVES OF TORMENT IN THE KINGDOM OF GHOSTLY SOULS!

YOU WITCH! YOU DEMON OF DARKNESS-- THAT YOU WILL NEVER MAKE ME DO! I WILL NOT BE YOUR KING! I WILL NOT!
YOU MUST... THERE IS NO TURNING BACK ONCE THE WORDS HAVE BEEN SPOKEN! AND YOU HAVE SPOKEN THEM!
PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE YOU ARE WELCOMED INTO THE HALF-WORLD WITHOUT CEREMONY? I WILL GATHER SOME GHOSTLY SOULS FROM THE GRAVES AND RETURN IN THE DARK HOUR BEFORE DAWN...THESE SHALL BE AS A RETINUE AS YOU COME INTO THE HALF-WORLD OF EVIL! FAREWELL!
WHAT SHALL I DO...WHAT SHALL I DO? PERHAPS... PERHAPS THIS IS BUT A NIGHTMARE? NO, HEAVEN HELP ME, I AM AWAKE...NOT DREAMING! MARY! NO... NO... THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT! THERE MUST BE!
SUDDENLY MY EYES FOUND THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE PRIESTS OF LIGHT, AND A SENTENCE I HAD READ WHIPPED ACROSS MY MIND IN WORDS OF FIRE!
THAT'S IT...THE ONLY WAY OF ESCAPE! THE BOOK SAID, "DEATH BY HIS OWN HAND, BEFORE THE WITCH QUEEN CALLS HIS SOUL, CAN BE THIS POOR CREATURE'S ONLY SALVATION!" ESCAPE!. ESCAPE FROM THE WITCH QUEEN AND THE HORROR OF THE SHADOW WORLD FOREVER! NO HARM TO MY BELOVED MARY!
SUDDENLY THE WITCH QUEEN EMERGED FROM THE BLACKNESS AND AROUND HER SQUATTED HER UNHOLY GOBLINS OF THE HALF-WORLD! MY FINGERS CURLED TIGHTLY AROUND THE AUTOMATIC!
NO, I WILL NOT BE YOUR KING! I KNOW THE WAY OUT... I'LL TAKE MY OWN LIFE!
YOU FOOL...WOULD YOU DESTROY YOURSELF FOR A WOMAN...WOULD YOU SURRENDER YOUR CHANCE TO RULE THE NETHER WORLD WITH ME AS YOUR QUEEN?? STOP!
FAREWELL, THING OF EVIL! YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW, MARY--MY BELOVED!
BANG!
AT THAT MOMENT IN ENGLAND!
MARY! WHAT'S WRONG?
I DON'T KNOW! I SUDDENLY HAD THE WEIRDEST FEELING--AS THOUGH I HEARD CHARLES CALLING TO ME! HE SEEMED TO BE TELLING ME THAT HE LOVED ME... AND THAT HE'D WAIT FOR ME IN ANOTHER WORLD!
BOSH! JUST NONSENSE!
WAS IT NONSENSE? I WONDER?
THE END

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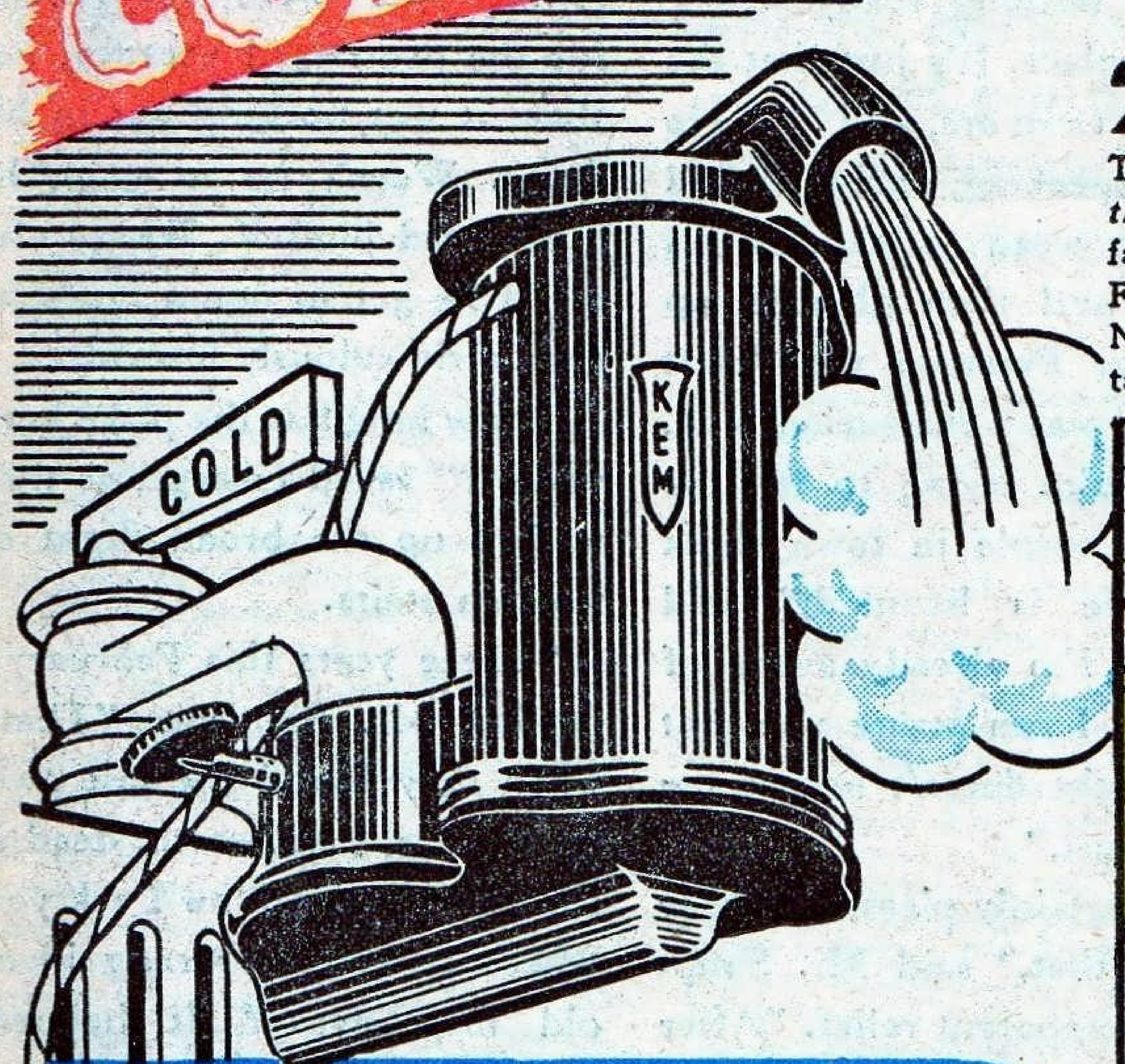

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(PLEASE PRINT)

A MOMENT OF HORROR

GEORGE PETERSON liked the house the moment he saw it.

"It's just what I've been looking for," he said to Mr. Simpson, as he got out of the car.

"I'm glad you like it," Mr. Simpson replied. "If you've been looking for a place where you could be alone and get some work done, you've come to the right man."

When they reached the gate of the white picket fence, Mr. Simpson reached over and unlatched the lock. The small door swung open noiselessly and the two men walked up the path.

"It's a real buy," said Mr. Simpson. "You couldn't get another one like it at the price I'm asking."

"So I'm given to understand," said George.

He stopped a moment to get an all-over view of the house. It stood on a rising slope of ground and the entire north side of the structure fell under the direct shade of a large elm tree. George thought it extremely picturesque, even to the unhinged shutter on the upper-story window that banged noisily against the bright, white clapboards.

"I'll have a carpenter over tomorrow to fix that shutter," said Mr. Simpson in an apologetic tone of voice. "As a matter of fact," he continued, "he was supposed to have been over today, but then, it's hard to get someone to come out here."

The moment he said this, he realized he had made a mistake.

"Don't get me wrong, Mr. Peterson," he added hastily. "There's nothing really wrong with the place. It's just that the people in town are, well . . ." He stopped speaking, unable to find the right word to express his thought and then glanced up at George Peterson with what he hoped was a reassuring look.

"If you're trying to tell me that the people in town think the house is haunted," said George, "I'm already aware of that fact. I can assure you that the thought doesn't bother me in the least."

"I'm certainly pleased to hear you say that," said Mr. Simpson with apparent relief. "After all, sensible people like ourselves can't go around believing in such nonsense."

He placed his hand on George's arm in a confidential manner and lowered his voice as though he were afraid of being overheard.

"Tell you something else," he said. "It's ugly rumors like these that spoil a good property site such as this. Why, I could have sold this place five times over if it weren't for the people in town."

"Well, they haven't scared me off," said George.

He took another long look at the house and he couldn't help noting with satisfaction the beauty of its lines. If anything, it gave a welcoming and inviting appearance. Mr. Simpson was quite right, he thought. The morbid superstitions of the townspeople were responsible for the protracted vacancy, but then, it was working out in his favor. Wasn't he to gain, he questioned himself. Where else could he get so fine a house at such a ridiculously low price?

"How long has the place been vacant?" asked George, as they walked up the broad flight of wooden stairs.

"Three years this February," replied Mr. Simpson. "That's when they found the last owner, old Mr. Farnsworth, dead in the living room. Now I ask you, what's so terribly wrong in an old man dying? It happens every day, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so," said George. "Yet to hear the folks in town tell it, they'd have you believe it was something else again."

Mr. Simpson waved his hand in a chiding manner.

"Nonsense," he snapped. "I'll admit that Farnsworth was a strange old bird and that he kept pretty much to himself, but that's all there was to it. The doctor listed the death as heart failure, but those fools in town insist in saying he was strangled."

As he fumbled for the key, he looked up at George Peterson.

"It stands to reason if a man's

ADVERTISEMENT

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept.29 , New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

been strangled there'd be some kind of marks on his throat. Well, there weren't any, because I saw the body myself."

With this remark he turned the key in the lock and swung open the door.

Inside it was bright and sunny. Broad shafts of luminous sunlight streaming through the foyer window cast golden highlights across the walls and floorboards.

"It's beautiful!" exclaimed George. "Simply beautiful!"

"I knew you'd like it," said Mr. Simpson. "Wait till you see the rest of the place," he added. "You'll be wild about it."

They crossed the foyer to the stairway that led to the second story.

"We can start with the second floor and work our way down," said Mr. Simpson. "How's that with you?"

"Just fine," said George. He was terribly excited now. Somehow everything was working out just perfectly. He had finally, after all these months, found just the place he was looking for.

They went through the upper floor rather quickly. Everything was, as Mr. Simpson had said, in apple-pie order.

As they walked down the stairs Mr. Simpson glanced at his watch and then gave a start.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten all about my other appointment."

He turned to George.

"Do you mind if I run along and pick you up in, say, an hour?"

"Not at all," said George. "I'll just wander about the place and enjoy myself."

He watched Mr. Simpson walk to the door and smile back at him. A moment later the door shut and he was alone in the house. . .

He was about to walk out to the kitchen when he noticed that the foyer, which had been flooded with sunlight, was now quite dark. As he stood there puzzling over the sudden change, he was aware of it becoming even darker with each passing moment. A tingling sensation now ran along his spine and he felt a sudden desire to leave. It came without warning—a rising panic which set his legs in motion.

With a quick step he walked toward the door and then, just as suddenly, he stopped.

He was standing before the threshold of the living room. Here the darkness was even more compelling. Perhaps it was the shade from the large elm that threw a disturbing pattern of moving shadows across the room — a pattern that seemed to weave and twist with hypnotic rhythms. Slowly he felt himself compelled to enter the room. It drew him in, beckoned to him, destroyed his will to resist.

The shadows weaved about him as he entered, and from the corners of the room dark moving shapes that lacked definite form or substance began to press in on him from all sides.

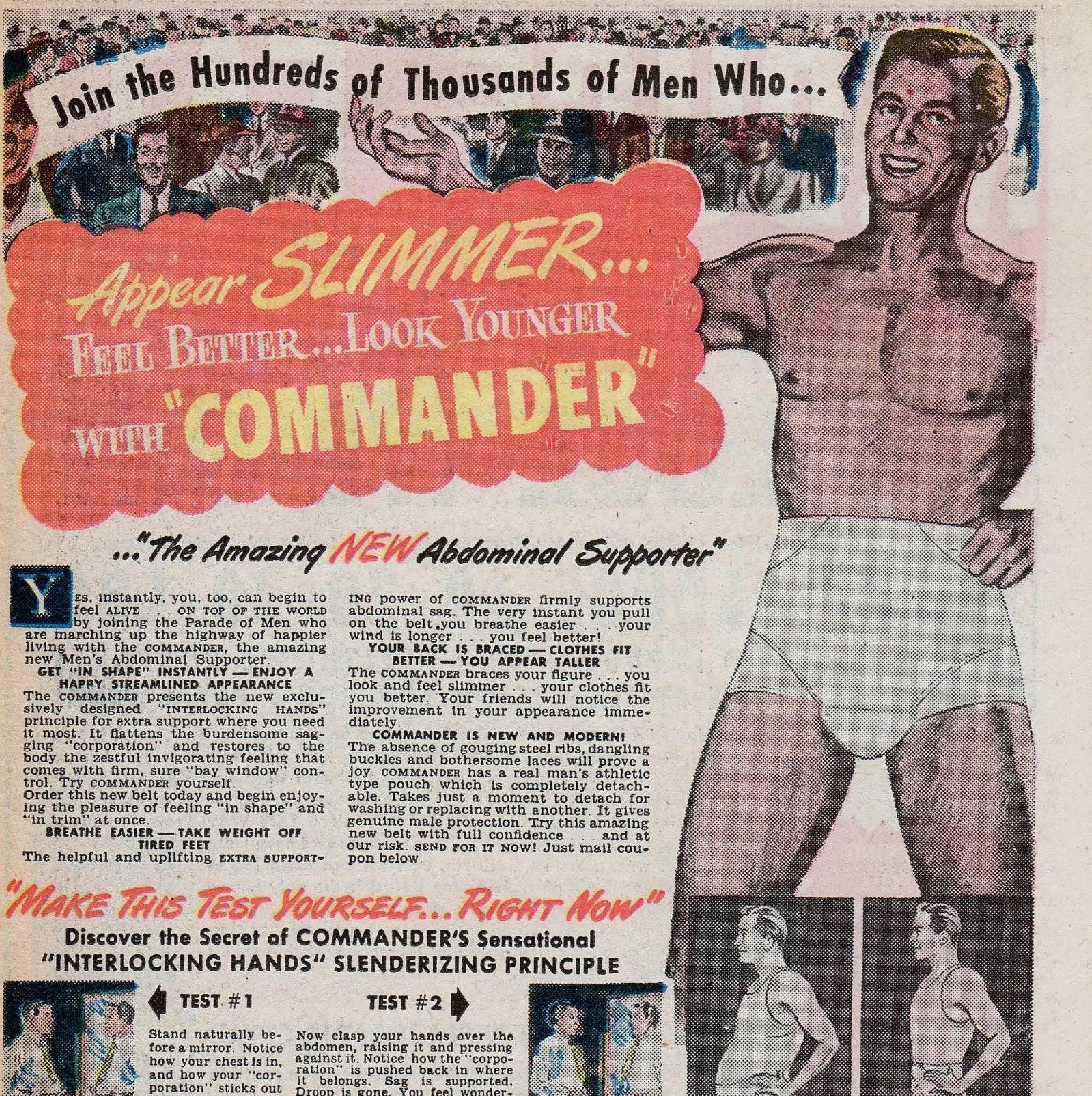
Slowly, with a dancing, whirling motion, the blotted forms spun about him, and all he could hear was his own painful breathing. It was as though he were seized by an overwhelming force that pressed down upon him with suffocating weight, making all movement impossible.

Faster and faster the masses of shadow continued their strange pattern of movement. His breathing became more difficult and then the realization of what Simpson had said flashed through his thoughts. "There were no marks on the throat." Of course not! The evil that filled the room would leave no marks. It just pressed itself upon its victim, drawing out his life, smothering it beneath black folds of formless horror.

Slowly he dropped to his knees. With a final rush the forms closed in and then, suddenly, the sound of a tolling church bell came to him through the murky darkness. As the heavy peals resounded through the room, the shapes hesitated —slowly, as if forced back by an invisible and superior force, they receded toward the corners whence they had come. Gradually he felt a lessening of the strange tension which had rooted him to the spot. The room became filled with sunlight again. With a sudden movement he dashed through the doorway, and a moment later the house was behind him and he was running in wild flight down the road . . .

Three days later, when he received a letter from Mr. Simpson asking for an explanation as to his sudden disappearance, he simply ignored it. There are certain things that can't be explained, and George Peterson knew that this was one of them.

THE END 5416



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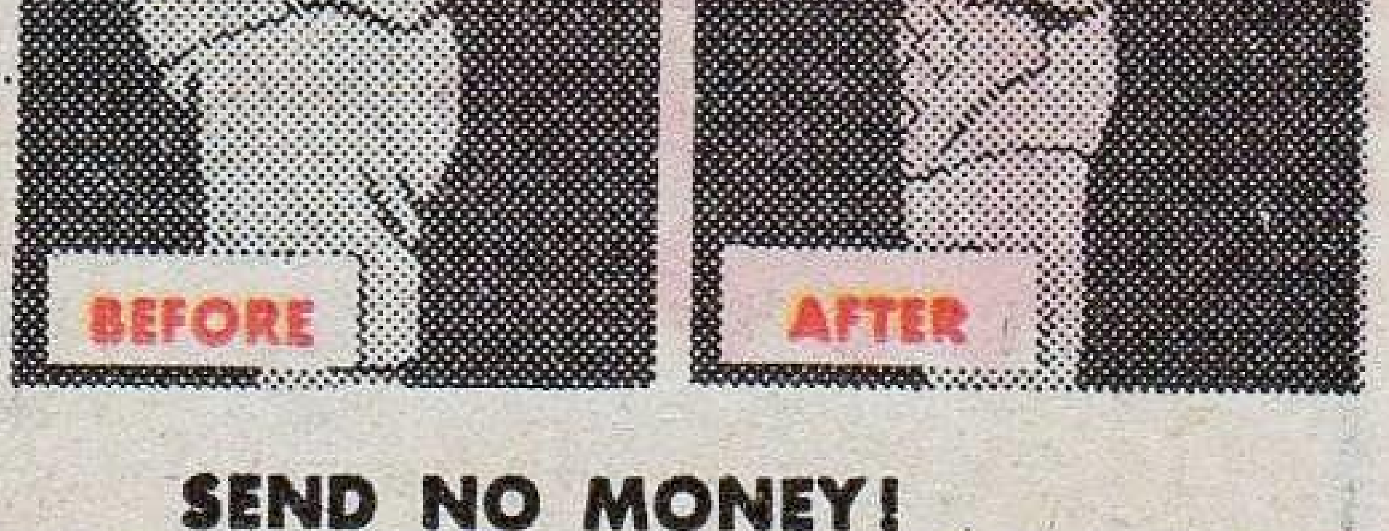

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TEST #2 ►

Now clasp your hands over the abdomen, raising it and pressing against it. Notice how the "corporation" is pushed back in where it belongs. Sag is supported. Droop is gone. You feel wonderful and look inches slimmer too. That's exactly how Commander's "Interlocking Hands" supporting principle works. Send for Commander right now and begin feeling trim and slim immediately. Nothing to annoy you. NO LACES. NO BUCKLES. NO STRAPS.

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"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."—**Dr. C. G. S., Illinois**

"I must write and tell you how well pleased I am with your supporter. It is giving me so much comfort."—**H. A. Z., Bethlehem, Pa.**

"Enclosed please find an order for two more. I am using the Commander right now and am well satisfied. It is the most practical belt I have ever had."—**E. W., Chicago, Ill.**

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had."—**Dr. A. M. S., Mich.**

"I would not be without one. It is just the thing I needed."—**M. A. B., Buffalo, N. Y.**

"I purchased a belt for my husband which has proved to be the most wonderful thing he has ever worn. I wish I could put into words how much better he looks and feels."—**(Mrs.) R. E. M., Phila., Pa.**

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

FREE 10 Day Trial!

If it fails to do all we say send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded

Only $2.98 Sizes 28 to 47

Special Large Sizes, 48 to 60 $3.98

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail this Coupon Today

WARD GREEN CO., DEPT. P313
113 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days' trial. I will pay postman the special price of $2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My waist measure is..........................My height is..........................

Name..

Address..

City..Zone............State..........................

☐ Check here if you enclose $2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund offer holds.

☐ Extra Pouch @ 75c. - 3 for $2.00 ☐

REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK

YET EAT PLENTY!

The New, Scientific Way to

LOSE WEIGHT

Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat easily, quickly, pleasantly, safely—we guarantee it! KELPIDINE does the work with little effort on your part, is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS and supplies a food mineral which is VITAL for balanced nutrition. KELPIDINE IS GOOD FOR YOU! It decreases your appetite, gives you more energy, vitality and vigor. YOU'LL ENJOY REDUCING THIS WAY! Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a few short weeks. With KELPIDINE, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. Kelpidine (fucus) is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an ANTI-FAT, AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING. A United States Government Agency classifies KELPIDINE as a food. It is safe and brings remarkable results quickly and easily.

NO STARVING
NO EXERCISE
NO LAXATIVES
NO DRUGS
NO MASSAGE

•

Absolutely HARMLESS and Actually GOOD FOR YOU!

"My Grateful Thanks to *Kelpidine*. In just a few weeks I lost 3 inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing." Mary Brown, N. Y. C.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

$2

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results. YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.

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FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 20, 30 and up to 40 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely FREE with your order.

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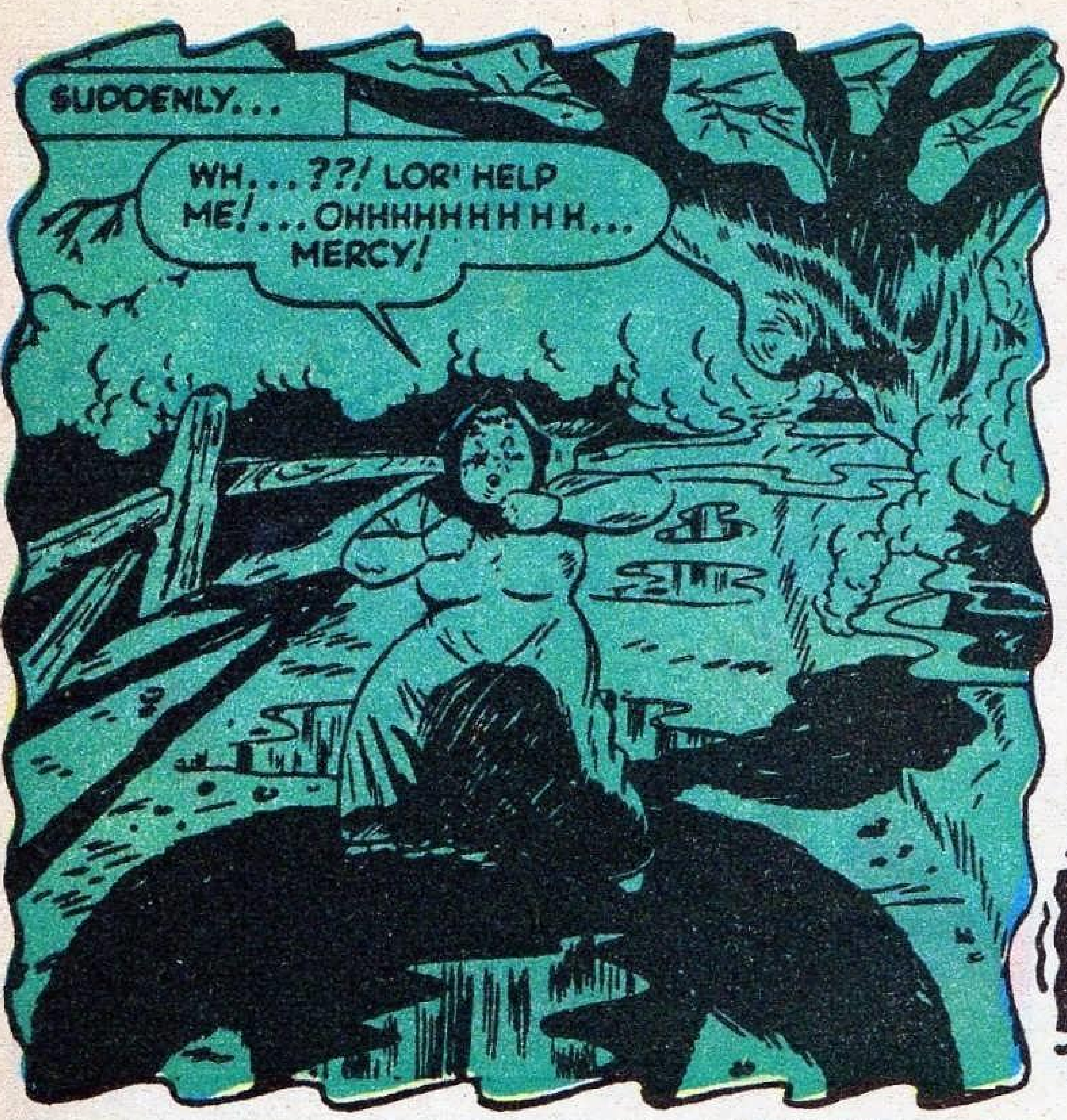
Send me at once for $2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name__________________________________

Address________________________________

City________________________State____________

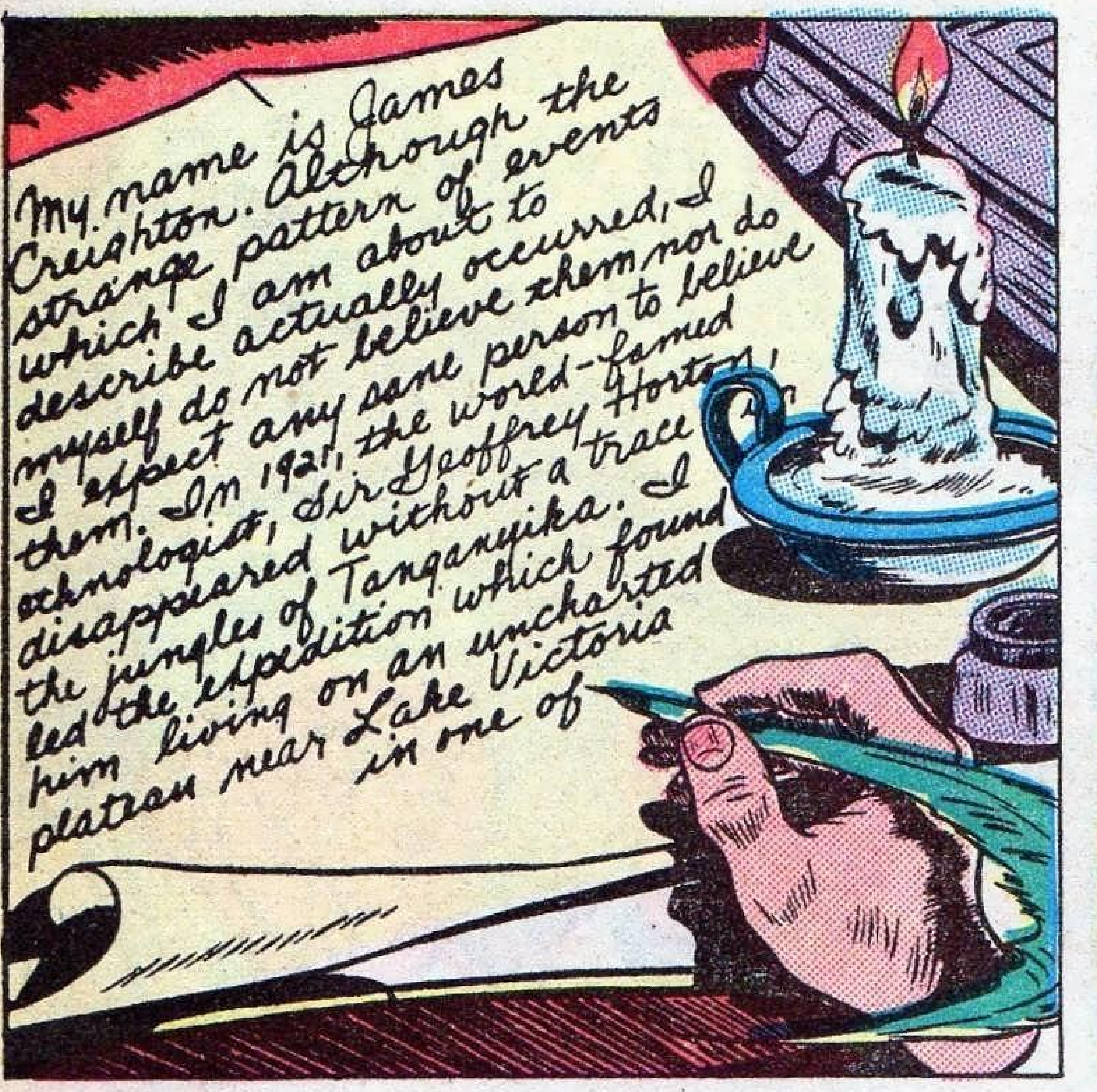
☐ I enclose $5. Send three months' supply.

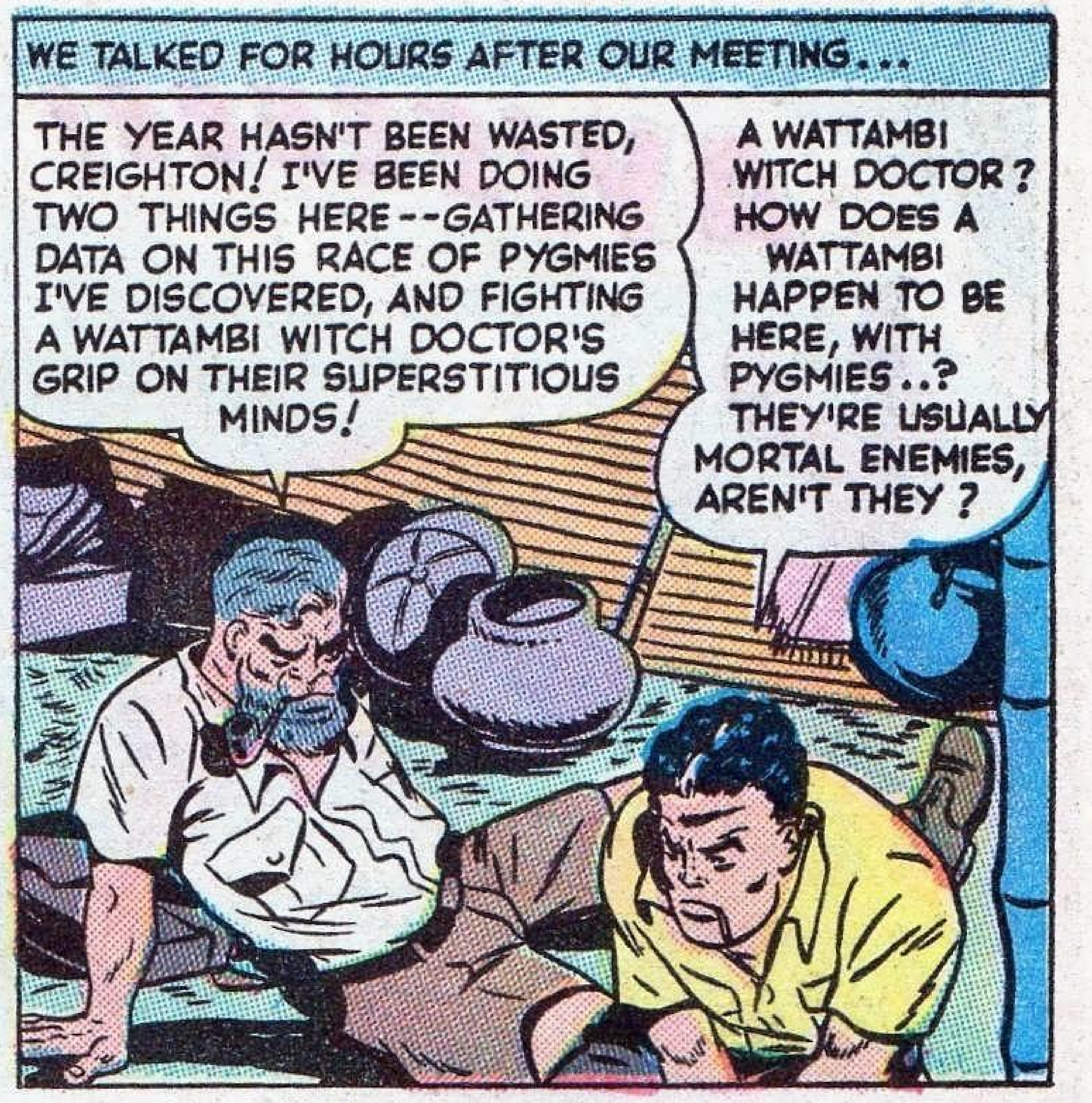

SUDDENLY...
WH...??! LOR' HELP ME!...OHHHHHHHHH... MERCY!

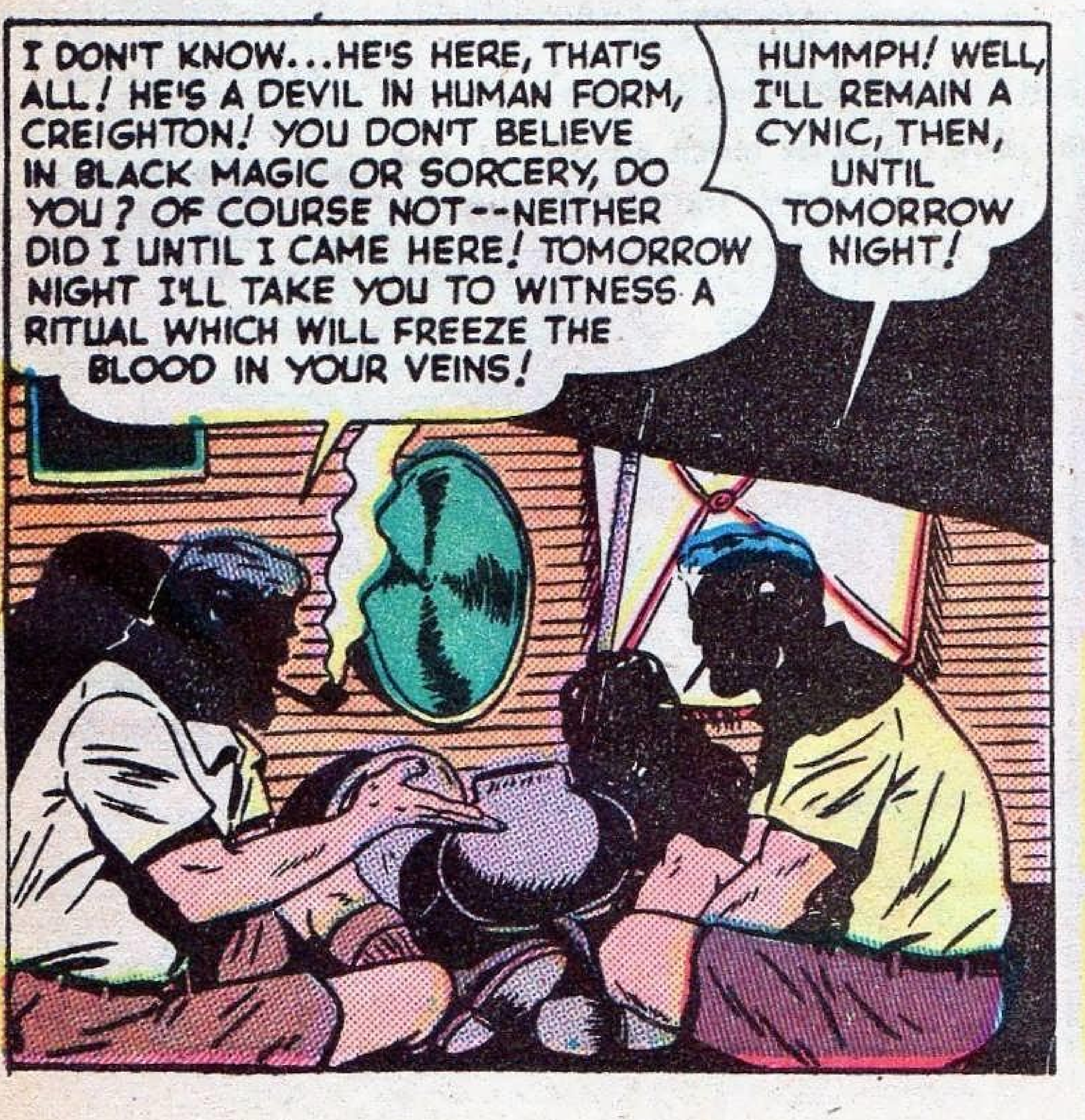
AT LAST! THE STRANGE EXPLANATION BEHIND THE MOST TERRIFYING MYSTERY EVER TO ROCK THE ENGLISH NATION! NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU CAN LEARN THE SECRET BEHIND--

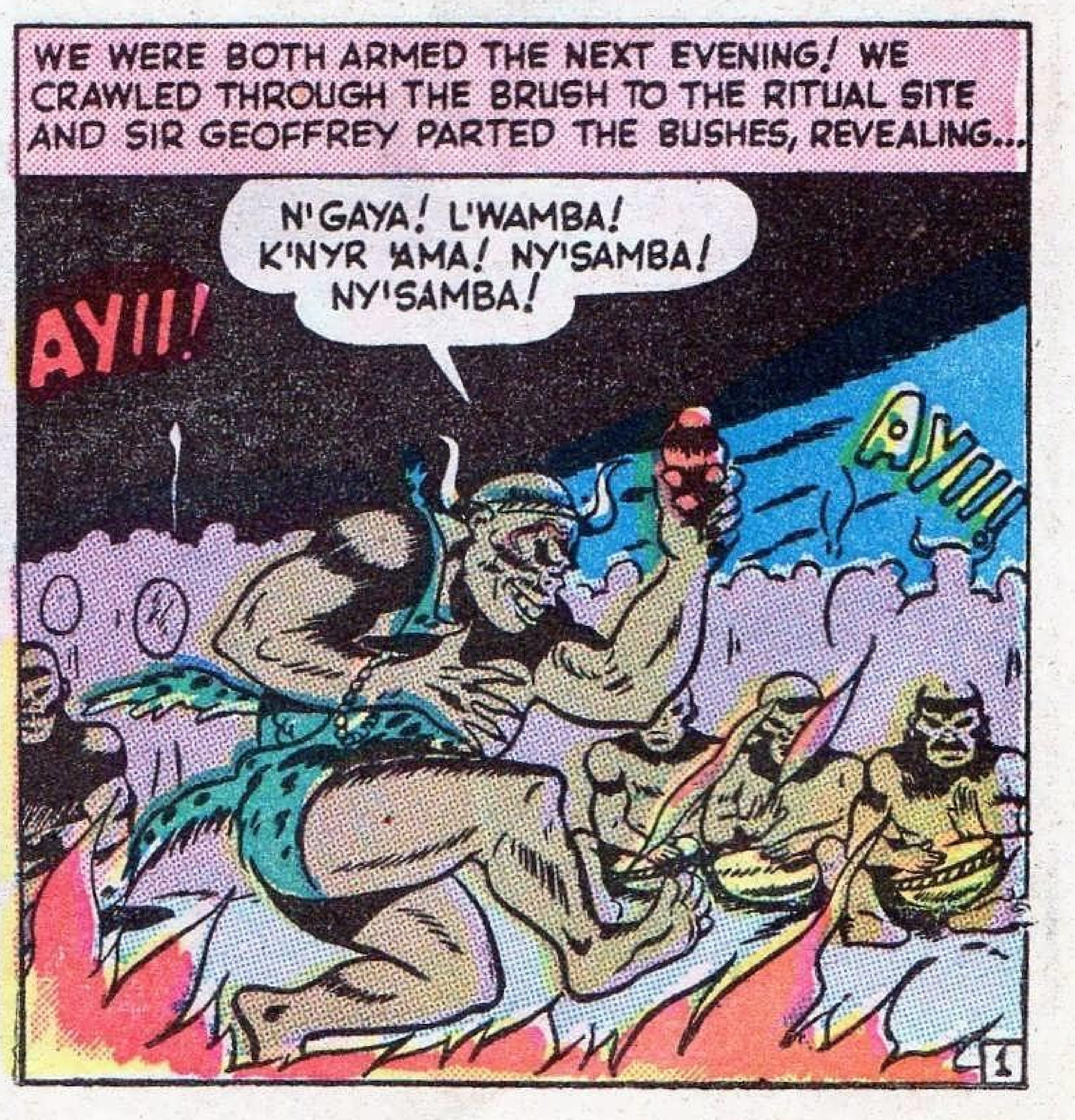
"The MONSTER that PROWLED!"

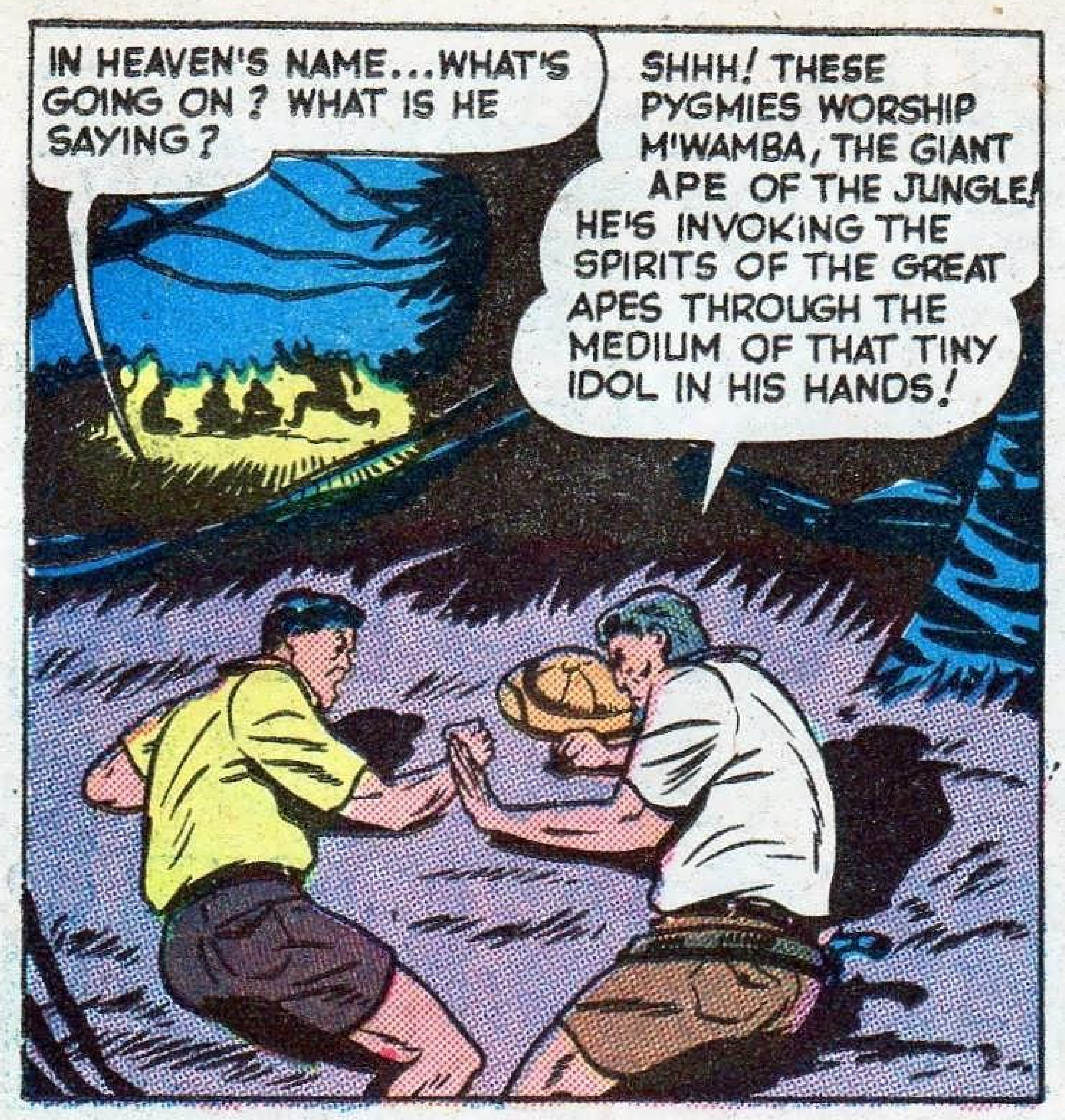
5267

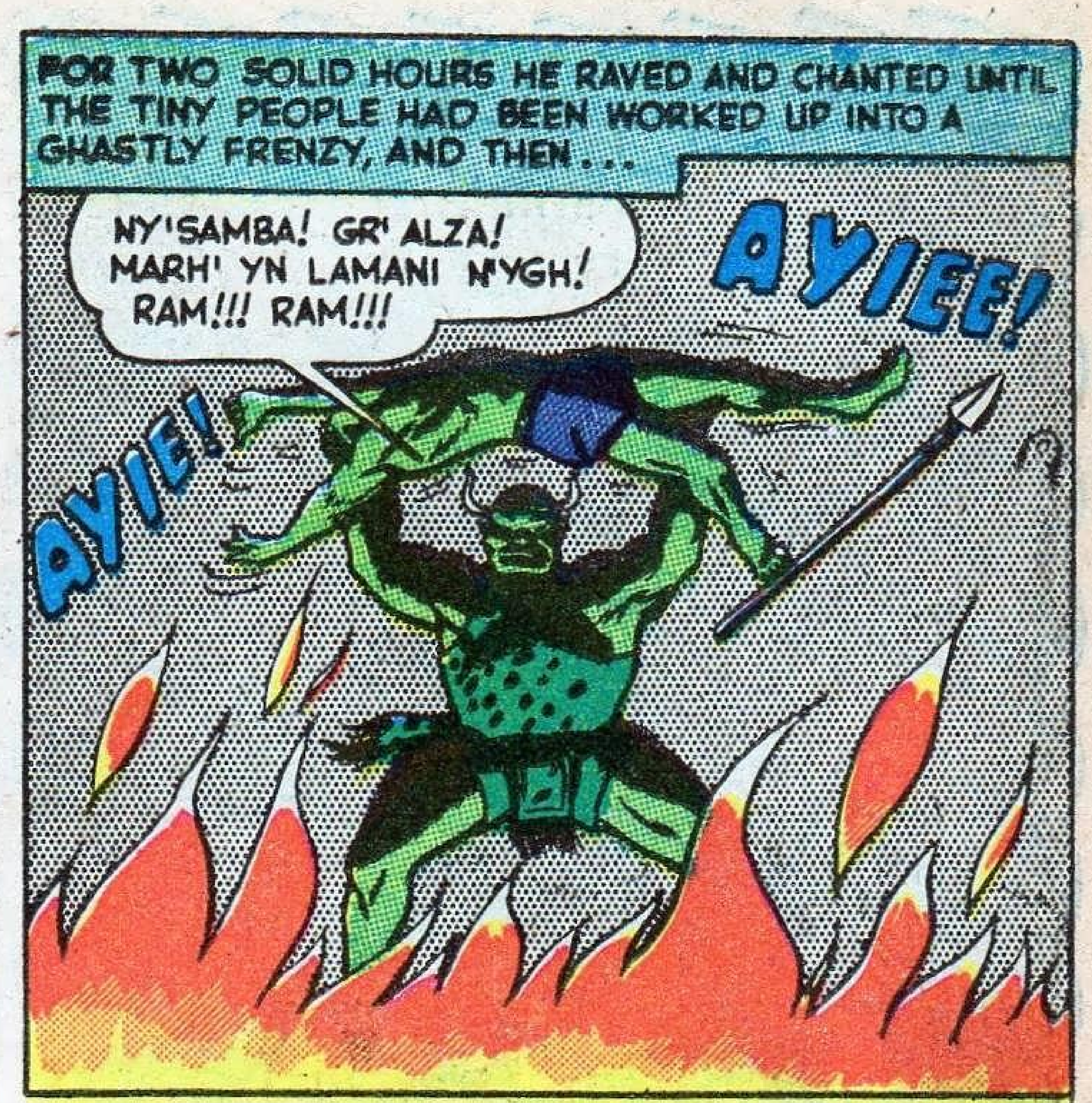

My name is James Creighton. Although the strange pattern of events which I am about to describe actually occurred, I myself do not believe them nor do I expect any sane person to believe them. In 1921, the world-famed ethnologist, Sir Geoffrey Horton, disappeared without a trace in the jungles of Tanganyika. I led the expedition which found him living on an uncharted plateau near Lake Victoria in one of

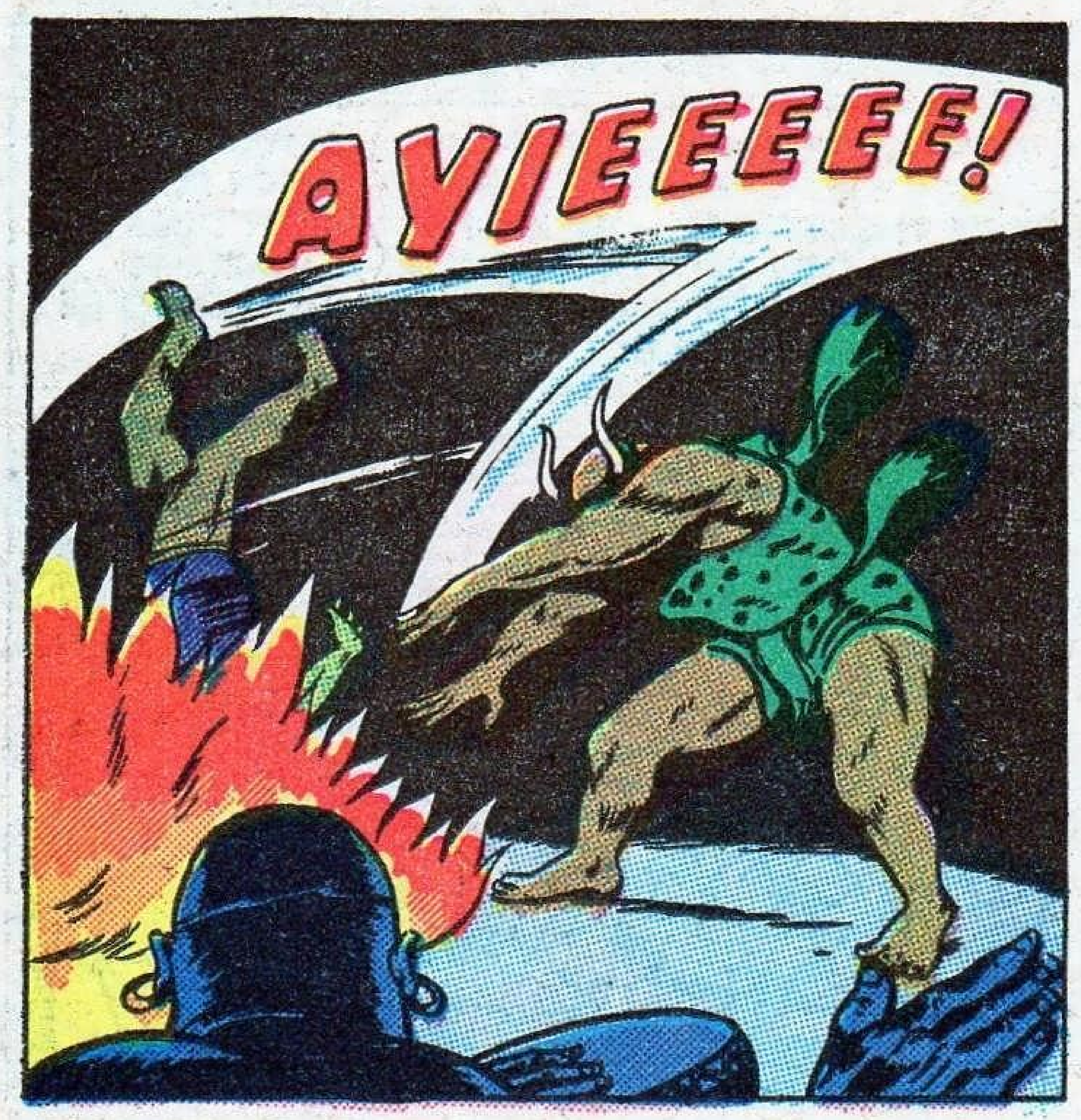

WE TALKED FOR HOURS AFTER OUR MEETING...
THE YEAR HASN'T BEEN WASTED, CREIGHTON! I'VE BEEN DOING TWO THINGS HERE--GATHERING DATA ON THIS RACE OF PYGMIES I'VE DISCOVERED, AND FIGHTING A WATTAMBI WITCH DOCTOR'S GRIP ON THEIR SUPERSTITIOUS MINDS!
A WATTAMBI WITCH DOCTOR? HOW DOES A WATTAMBI HAPPEN TO BE HERE, WITH PYGMIES..? THEY'RE USUALLY MORTAL ENEMIES, AREN'T THEY?

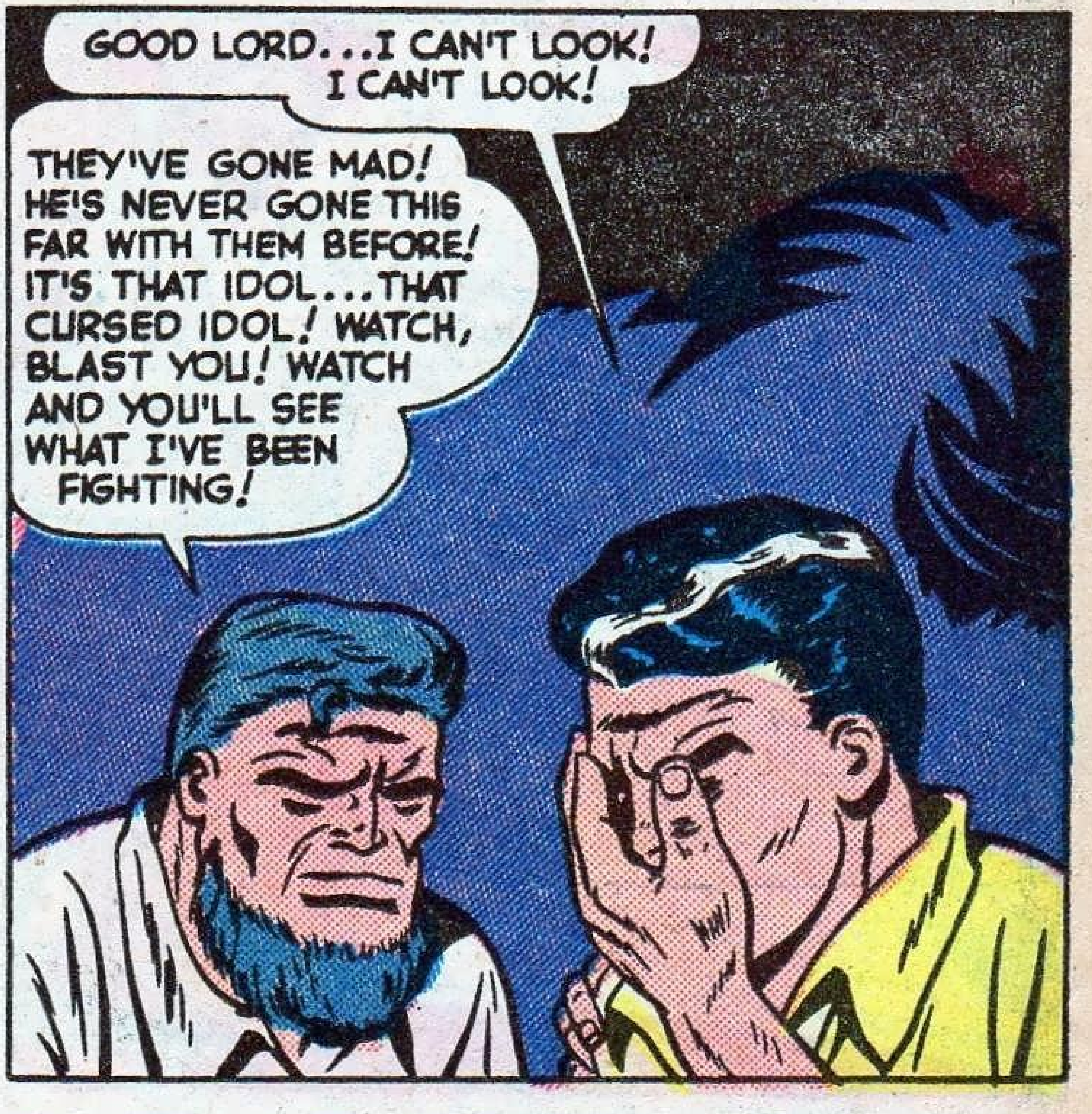

I DON'T KNOW...HE'S HERE, THAT'S ALL! HE'S A DEVIL IN HUMAN FORM, CREIGHTON! YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN BLACK MAGIC OR SORCERY, DO YOU? OF COURSE NOT--NEITHER DID I UNTIL I CAME HERE! TOMORROW NIGHT I'LL TAKE YOU TO WITNESS A RITUAL WHICH WILL FREEZE THE BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS!
HUMMPH! WELL, I'LL REMAIN A CYNIC, THEN, UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT!

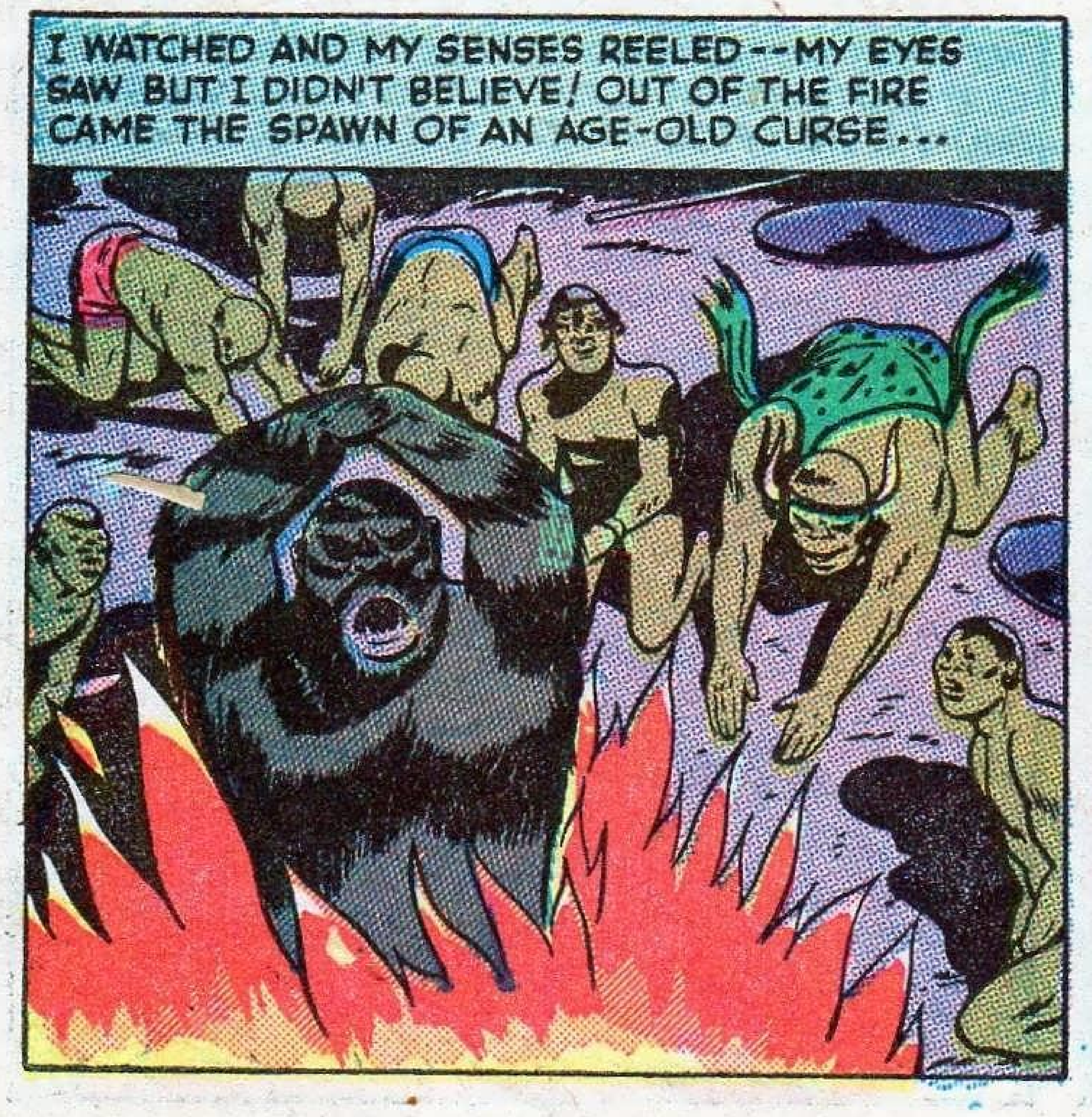

WE WERE BOTH ARMED THE NEXT EVENING! WE CRAWLED THROUGH THE BRUSH TO THE RITUAL SITE AND SIR GEOFFREY PARTED THE BUSHES, REVEALING...
N'GAYA! L'WAMBA! K'NYR 'AMA! NY'SAMBA! NY'SAMBA!
AYII!
AYII!
1

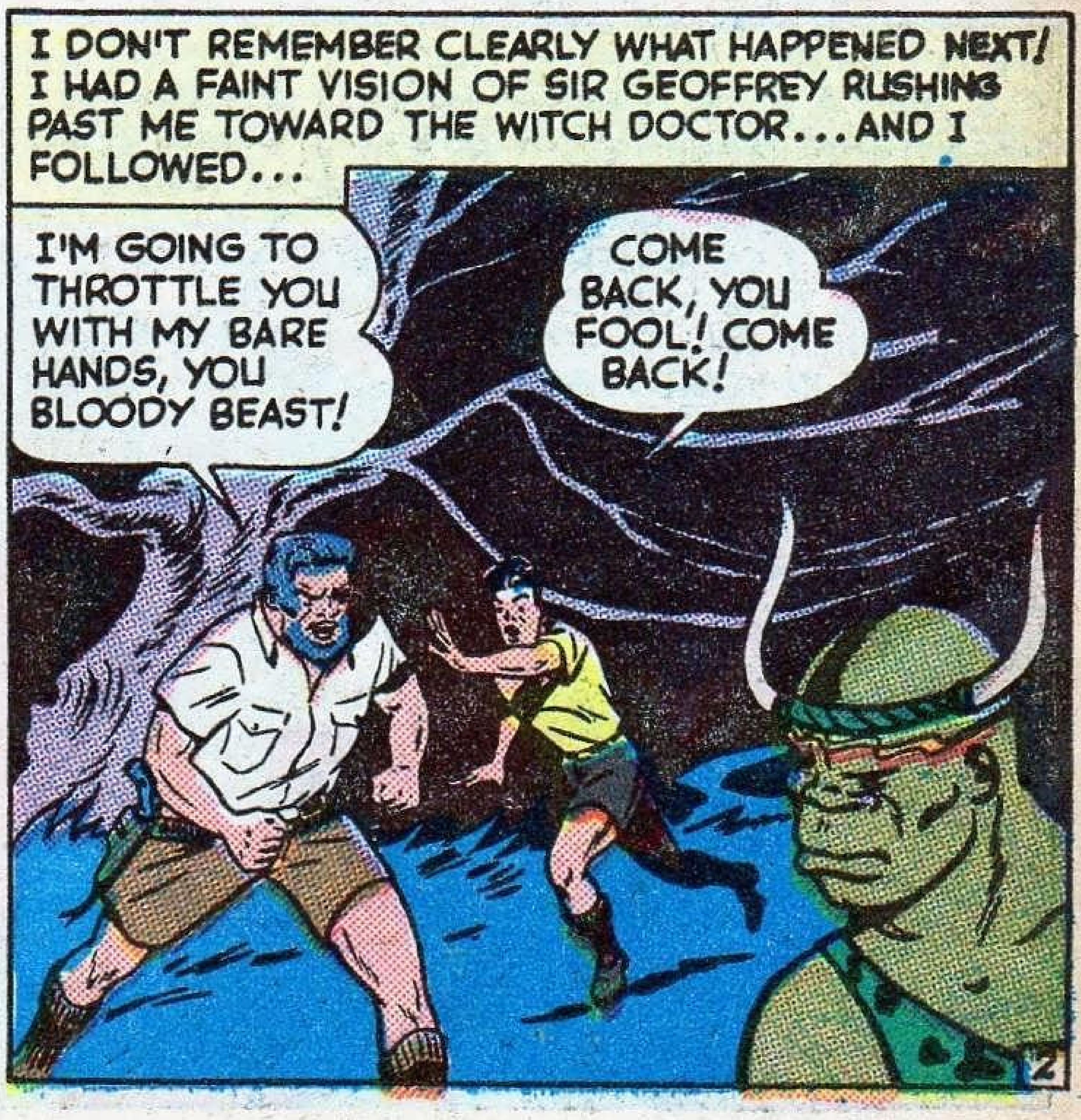

IN HEAVEN'S NAME...WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT IS HE SAYING?
SHHH! THESE PYGMIES WORSHIP M'WAMBA, THE GIANT APE OF THE JUNGLE! HE'S INVOKING THE SPIRITS OF THE GREAT APES THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THAT TINY IDOL IN HIS HANDS!


FOR TWO SOLID HOURS HE RAVED AND CHANTED UNTIL THE TINY PEOPLE HAD BEEN WORKED UP INTO A GHASTLY FRENZY, AND THEN...
NY'SAMBA! GR' ALZA! MARH' YN LAMANI N'YGH! RAM!!! RAM!!!
AYIEE!
AYIE!


AYIEEEEE!

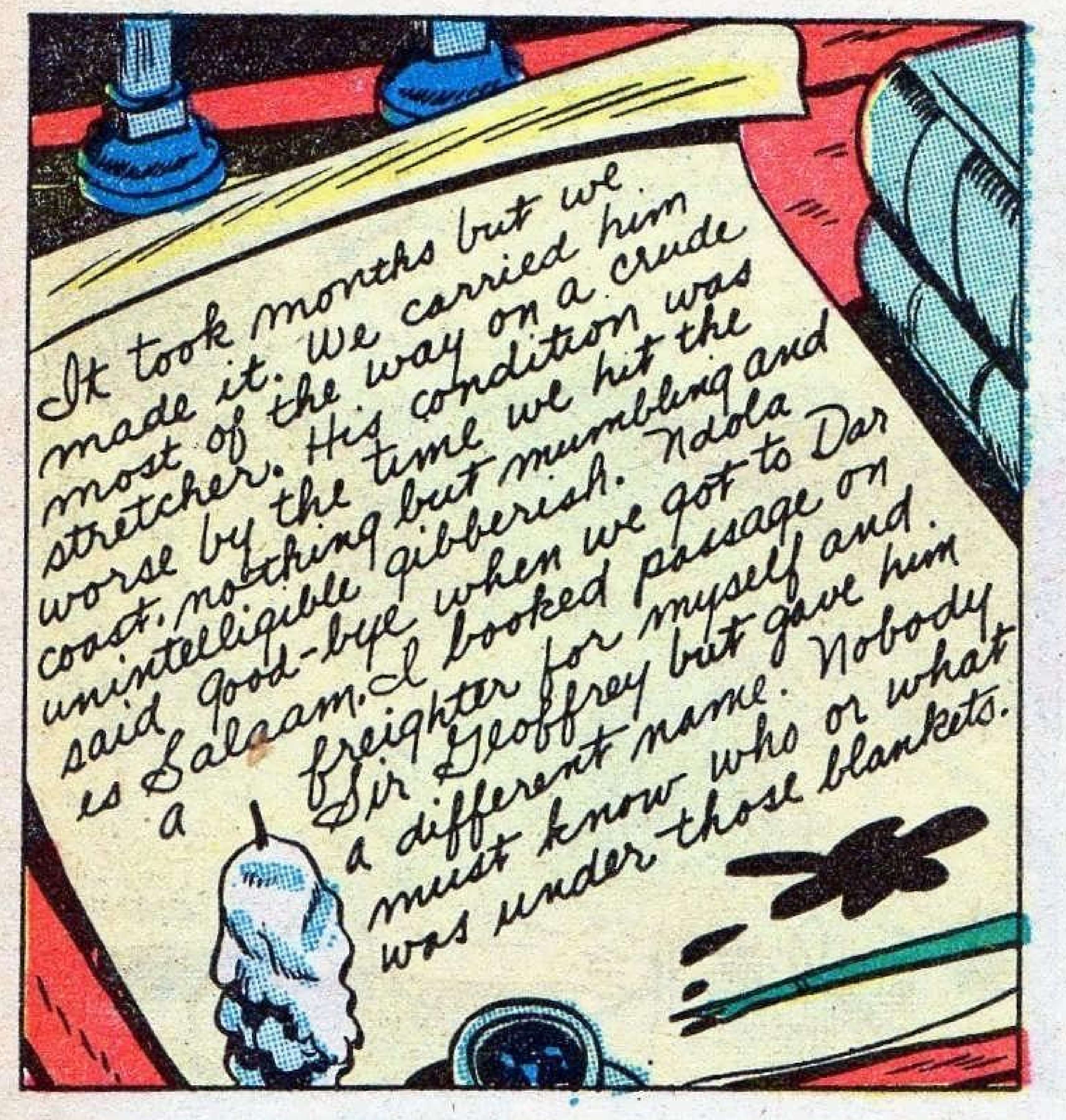

GOOD LORD...I CAN'T LOOK! I CAN'T LOOK!
THEY'VE GONE MAD! HE'S NEVER GONE THIS FAR WITH THEM BEFORE! IT'S THAT IDOL...THAT CURSED IDOL! WATCH, BLAST YOU! WATCH AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I'VE BEEN FIGHTING!


I WATCHED AND MY SENSES REELED--MY EYES SAW BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE! OUT OF THE FIRE CAME THE SPAWN OF AN AGE-OLD CURSE...

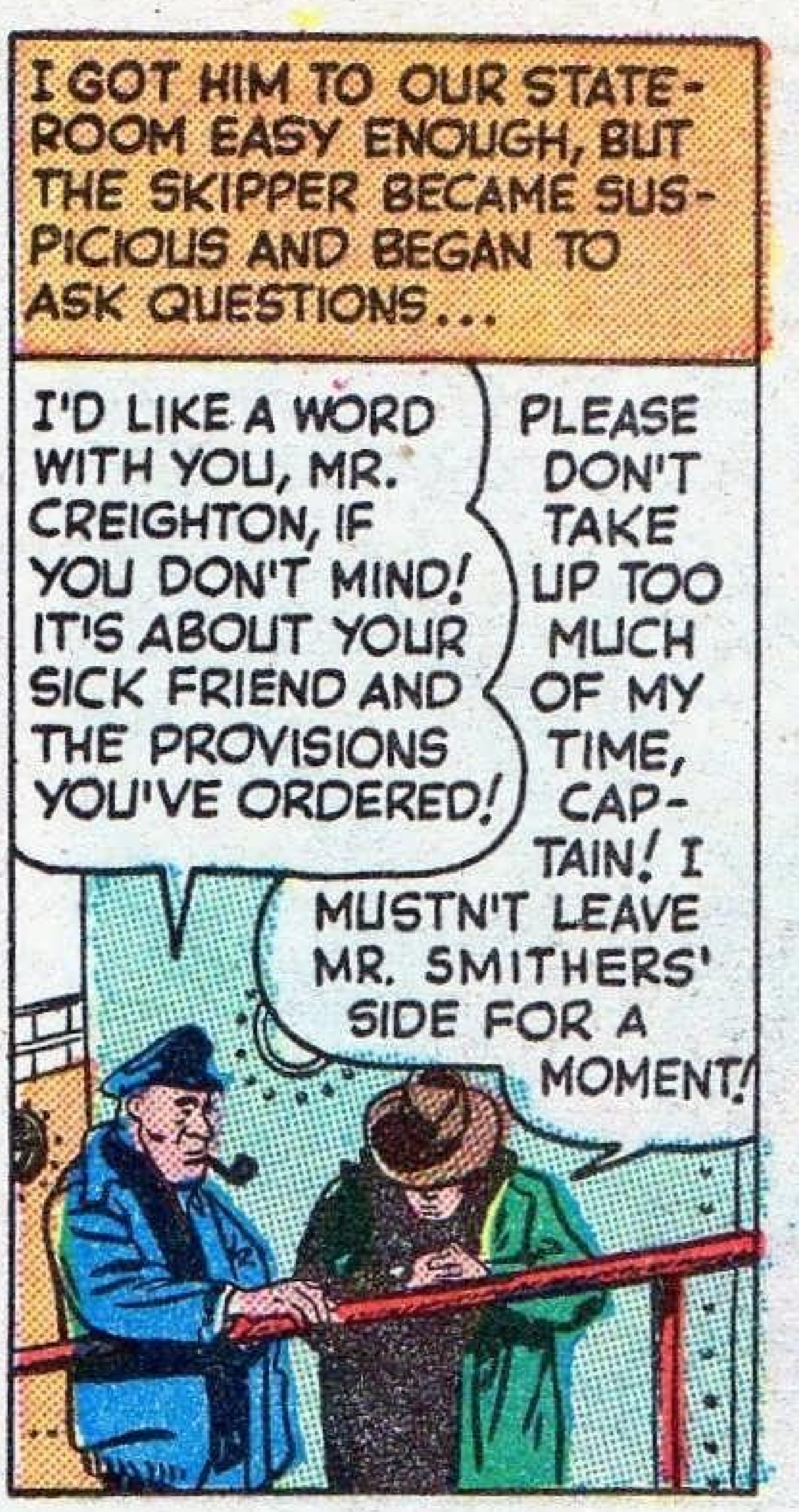

I DON'T REMEMBER CLEARLY WHAT HAPPENED NEXT! I HAD A FAINT VISION OF SIR GEOFFREY RUSHING PAST ME TOWARD THE WITCH DOCTOR...AND I FOLLOWED...
I'M GOING TO THROTTLE YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS, YOU BLOODY BEAST!
COME BACK, YOU FOOL! COME BACK!

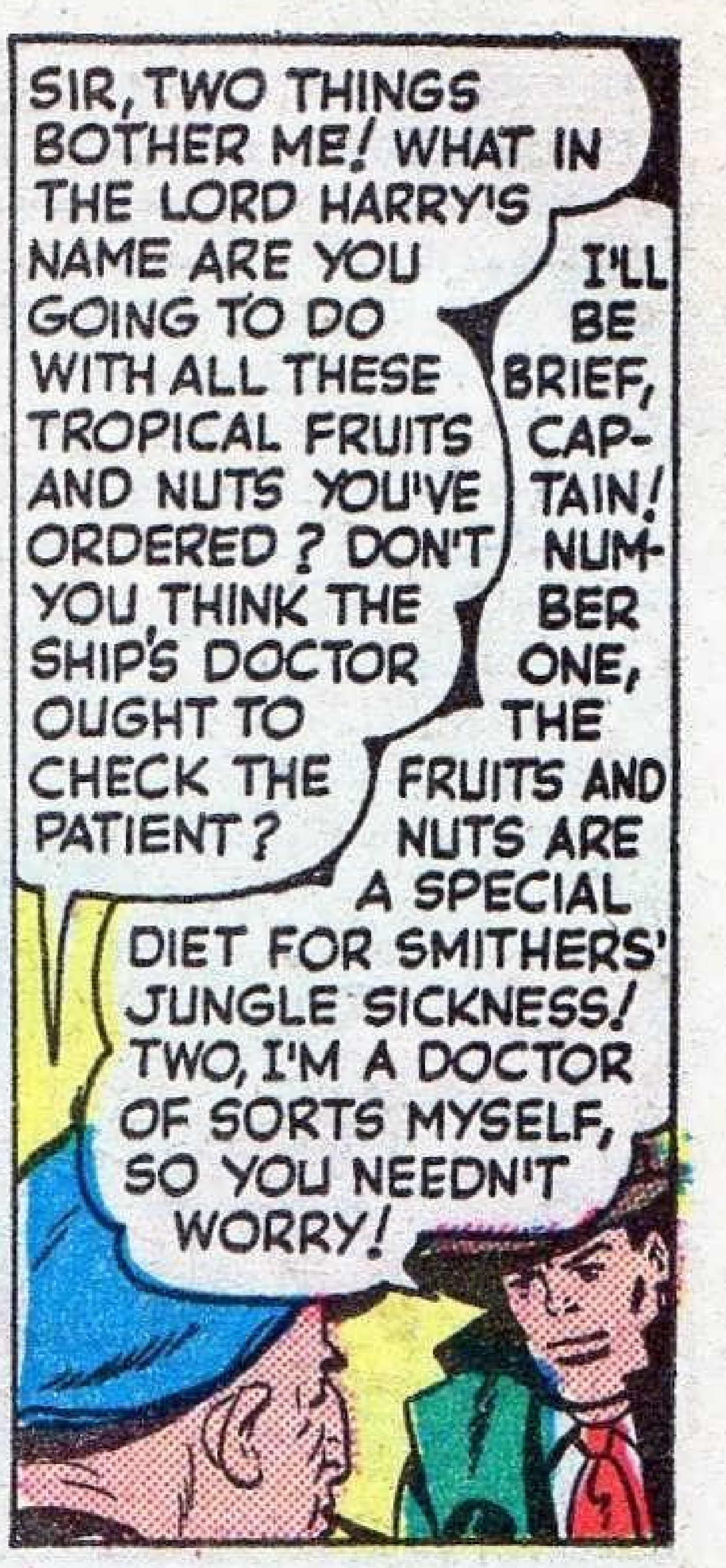
HERE, GIVE ME THAT ROTTEN IDOL, YOU CARRION-EATER! I'M GOING TO SMASH IT INTO YOUR EVIL FACE!
GRRRR! NY'SAMBA BWAALMA!
CAREFUL WITH THAT THING, SIR GEOFFREY!
HE HURLED THE IDOL WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, AND...
TAKE IT, YOU SWINE! TAKE IT BACK INTO THE BLACK RECESSES OF YOUR EVIL MIND AND LET IT MERGE WITH THE FOULNESS THAT LIVES THERE!
WHAM!
TWO THINGS HAPPENED THEN...I DON'T REMEMBER IN WHAT SEQUENCE! SIR GEOFFREY COLLAPSED, AND A WEIRD APPARITION SEEMED TO OOZE FROM THE BODY OF THE DYING FETISH-MAN...
WHAT THE DEUCE! NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE!
MY NERVES SUDDENLY SNAPPED IN A VIOLENT BURST OF ENRAGED HATE...
DIE, YOU CARRION...DIE, DIE! IF WHAT I SAW WAS NOT A DREAM, THEN YOU'VE ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED YOUR GHASTLY PURPOSE!
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!
SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO DRAG SIR GEOFFREY TO THE ZAREEBA! ALL NIGHT HE LAY IN A SEMI-COMA OF FEVERISH DELIRIUM, MUMBLING SOME WEIRD GIBBERISH...
NY'SAMBA GW'ALU... MALUNDA NY'WALA...
GET MORE COMPRESSES, NDOLA! DO YOU RECOGNIZE THAT TONGUE?
YES, MISSAH CREIGHTON! IT IS WATTAMBI! HE NO SPEAK IT BEFORE TONIGHT!
FIVE DAYS PASSED AND SIR GEOFFREY'S FEVER GREW WORSE! IT HOVERED FOR A WHILE AROUND 105° AND THEN SUDDENLY SANK TO 87°--ABNORMALLY LOW! DEATH ALONE USUALLY PRODUCES SUCH A DROP IN TEMPERATURE...
BUT HE WASN'T DEAD! ON THE SIXTH DAY I NOTICED A MARKED PHYSICAL CHANGE COMING OVER HIM... A CHANGE SO GHASTLY THAT I DIDN'T REFER TO IT IN THE CHARTS I KEPT! SIR GEOFFREY AND I ALONE WERE AWARE OF IT!

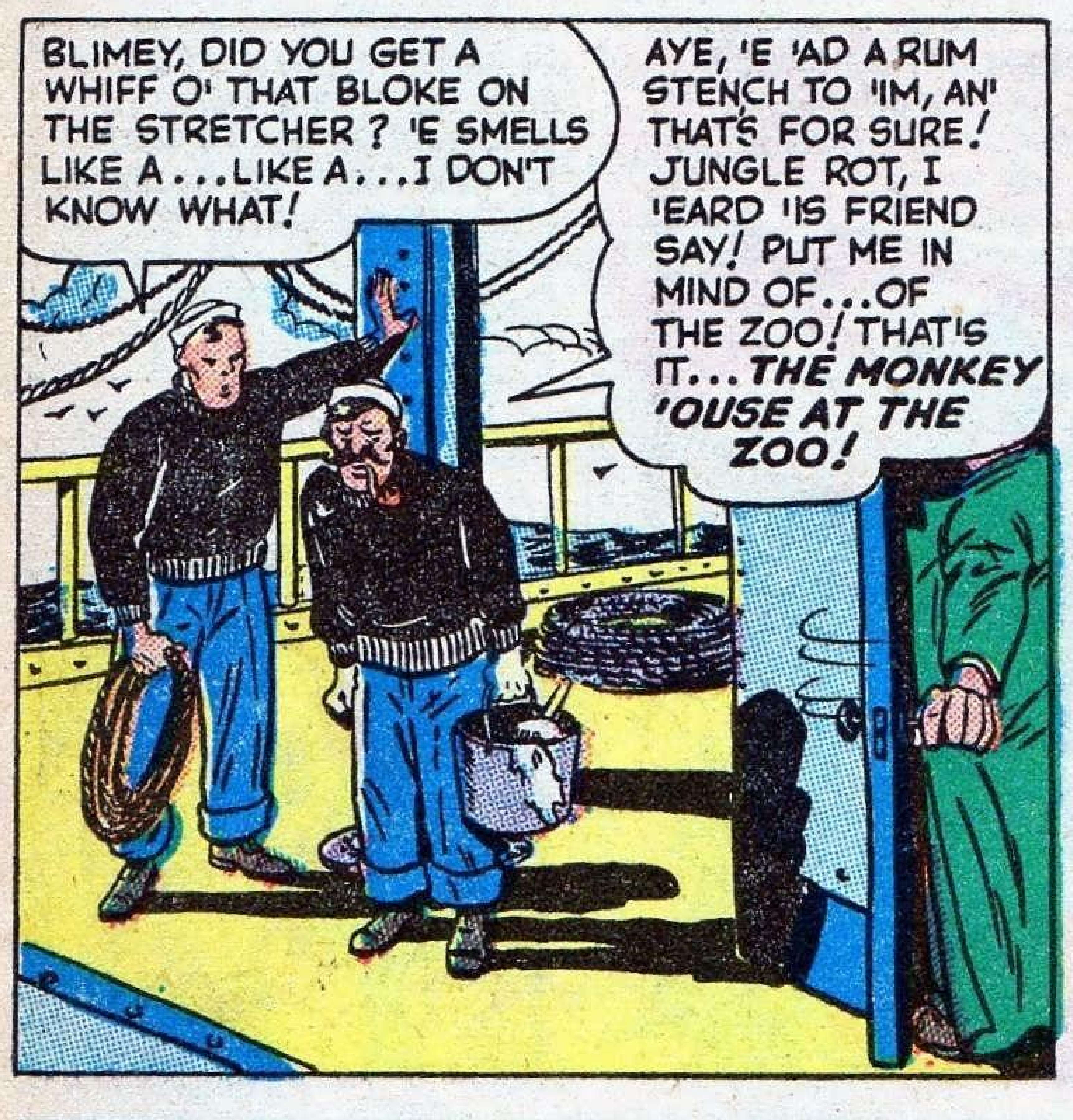
ON THE EIGHTH DAY THE FEVER BROKE SHARPLY AND RETURNED TO NORMAL! HE CALLED ME TO HIS SIDE...
CREIGHTON? CREIGHTON, ARE YOU HERE? YES, YES... YOU'RE HERE! LISTEN SHARPLY, OLD MAN! I'M GOING THROUGH A PHYSICAL CHANGE... I KNOW I AM! ARE YOU KEEPING A RECORD OF THIS MATTER? YOU MUST, YOU KNOW... SCIENCE, POSTERITY, AND ALL THAT ROT!
I'M KEEPING A RECORD, SIR GEOFFREY! HOW DO YOU FEEL?
THAT'S RIGHT, OLD BOY! TAKE THE HEART... AND PULSE, TOO! WRITE IT ALL DOWN! I'VE GOT THE IDOL UNDER THE BLANKET WITH ME... IT MUST ALWAYS BE WITH ME, CREIGHTON, D'YOU HEAR!
THE IDOL? OH... ER... YES, YES! BY ALL MEANS! I'LL TAKE THE PULSE NOW!
I LIFTED THE BLANKET, REACHED FOR HIS HAND, DREW IT OUT--AND SHRANK BACK IN HORROR...
WH...??!! GOOD GRIEF... IT'S THE HAND OF AN...! OHHH, NO! IT CAN'T BE... IT MUSTN'T BE!
YOU'VE SEEN? IS IT WHAT I SUSPECTED? SPEAK UP, MAN-- LIFT THE BLANKET AND LOOK ME OVER! LIFT IT, BLAST YOU! LOOK AT MY FACE AND TELL ME... IS IT?
I... DON'T KNOW... I CAN'T LOOK!
A HORRIBLE FASCINATION DREW ME TO HIS BED... I COULDN'T RESIST! I TOOK THE EDGE OF THE BLANKET AND SLOWLY LIFTED IT!
I MUST HAVE FAINTED! NDOLA WAS STANDING OVER ME WITH A CANTEEN OF WATER...
WHAT HAPPENED? OHHHH... YES, I REMEMBER! DID YOU SEE, NDOLA?
YES, MISSAH CREIGHTON, I SEE! MUST KILL MISSAH GEOFFREY... DESTROY WATTAMBI WITCH DOCTOR'S BAD MAGIC!
KILL HIM? KILL SIR GEOFFREY HORTON? NO... NEVER! WE'RE GETTING HIM TO THE COAST, NDOLA... YOU AND I! I'M GOING TO NURSE HIM BACK TO HEALTH! I'M GOING TO PROVE THAT MEDICINE AND SCIENCE ARE MORE POWERFUL THAN THE WITCHCRAFT OF AN IGNORANT SAVAGE!
NO, MISSAH CREIGHTON! WITCH DOCTOR'S MAGIC MORE POWERFUL... YOU SEE!

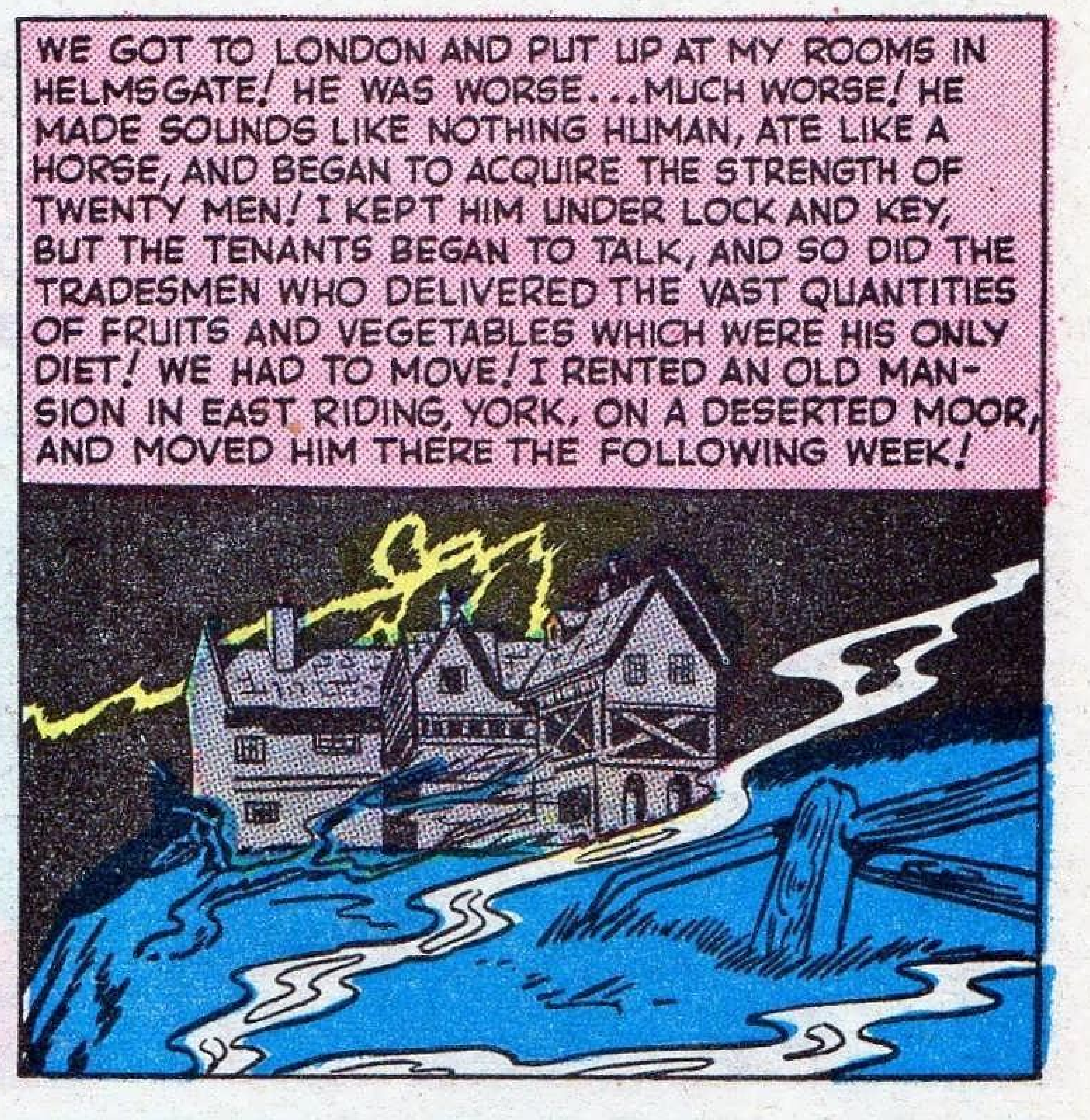


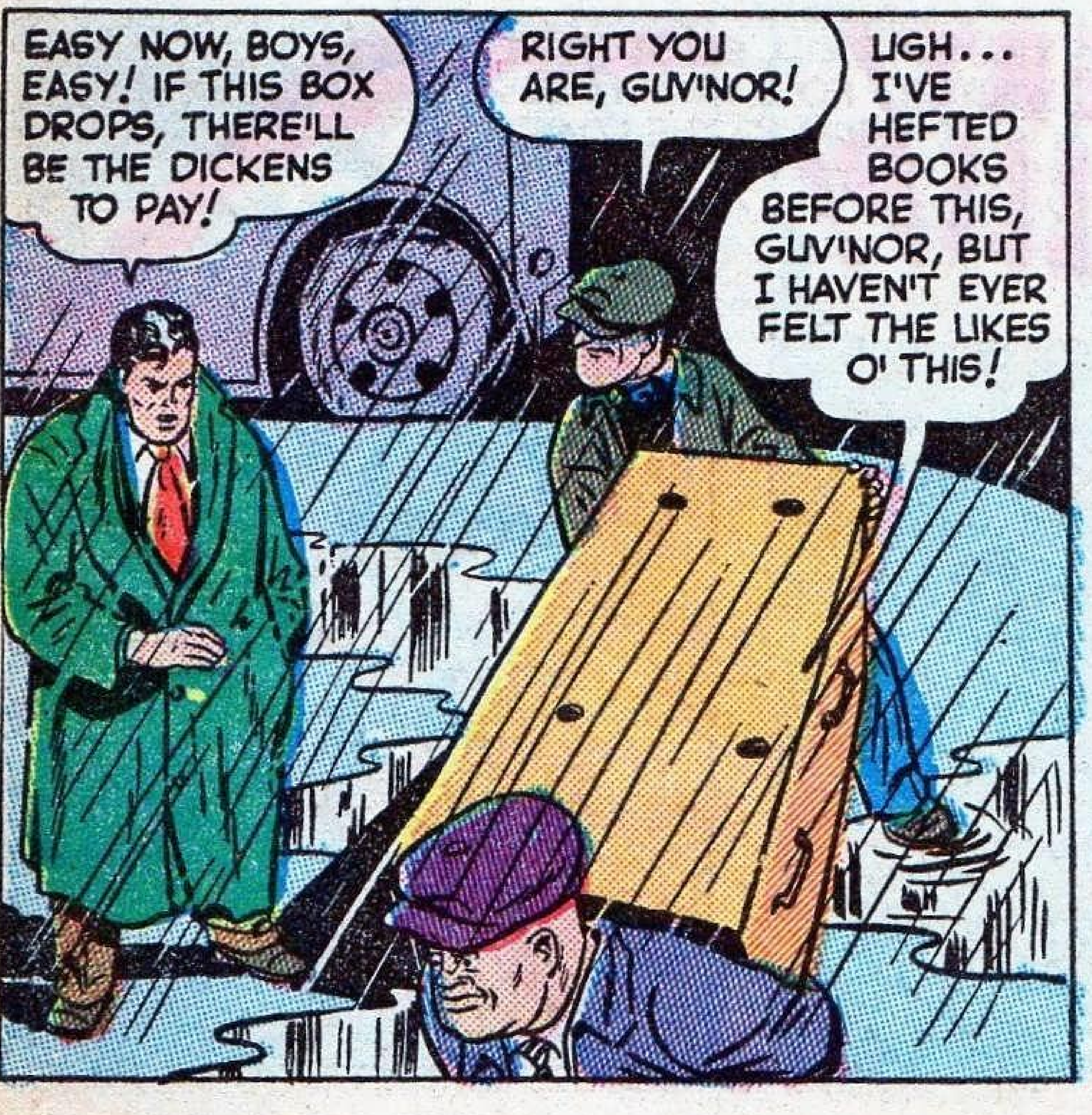
It took months but we made it. We carried him most of the way on a crude stretcher. His condition was worse by the time we hit the coast, nothing but mumbling and unintelligible gibberish. Ndola said good-bye when we got to Dar es Salaam. I booked passage on a freighter for myself and Sir Geoffrey but gave him a different name. Nobody must know who or what was under those blankets.

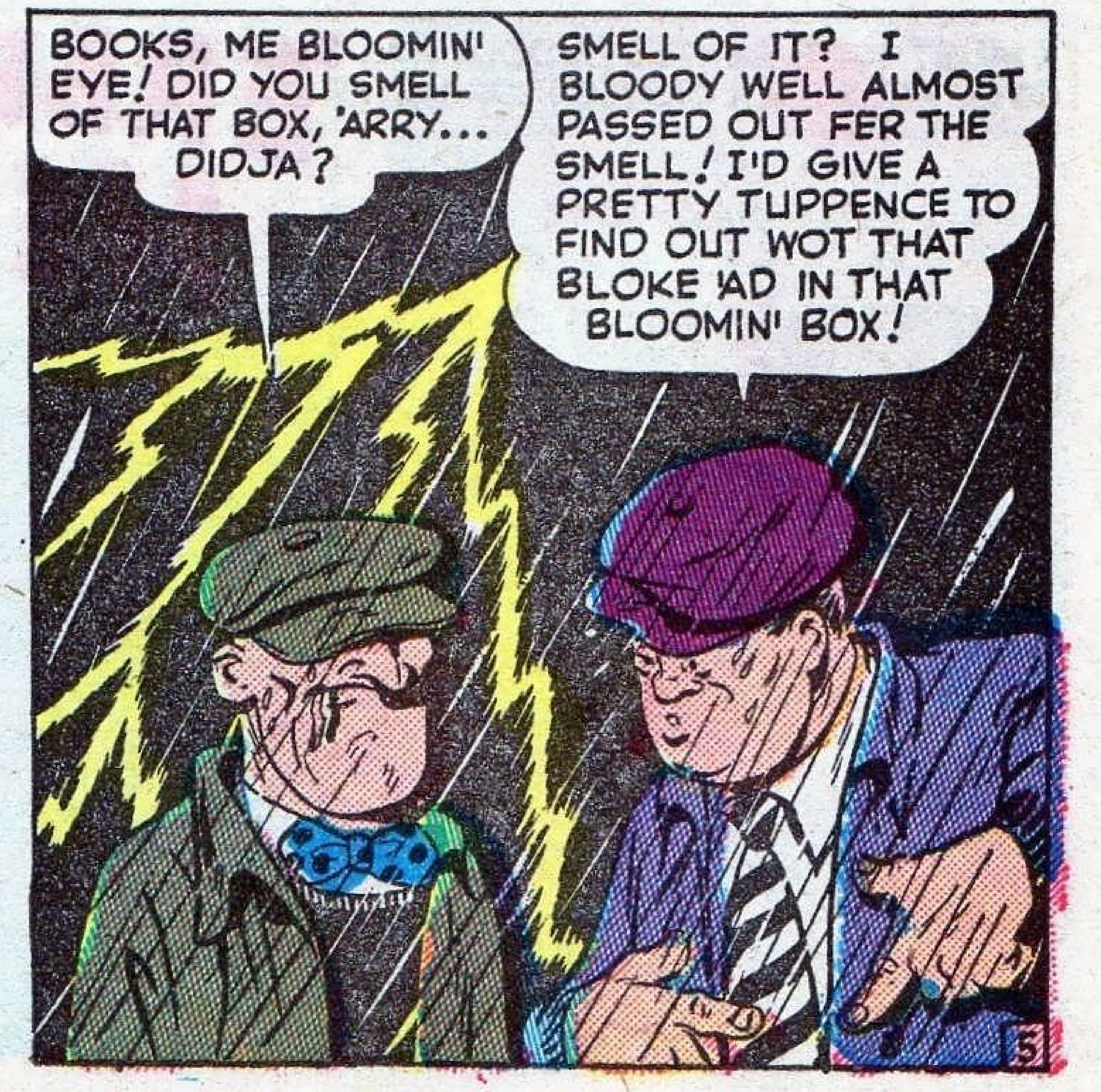

I GOT HIM TO OUR STATEROOM EASY ENOUGH, BUT THE SKIPPER BECAME SUSPICIOUS AND BEGAN TO ASK QUESTIONS...
I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, MR. CREIGHTON, IF YOU DON'T MIND! IT'S ABOUT YOUR SICK FRIEND AND THE PROVISIONS YOU'VE ORDERED!
PLEASE DON'T TAKE UP TOO MUCH OF MY TIME, CAPTAIN! I MUSTN'T LEAVE MR. SMITHERS' SIDE FOR A MOMENT!


SIR, TWO THINGS BOTHER ME! WHAT IN THE LORD HARRY'S NAME ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ALL THESE TROPICAL FRUITS AND NUTS YOU'VE ORDERED? DON'T YOU THINK THE SHIP'S DOCTOR OUGHT TO CHECK THE PATIENT?
I'LL BE BRIEF, CAPTAIN! NUMBER ONE, THE FRUITS AND NUTS ARE A SPECIAL DIET FOR SMITHERS' JUNGLE SICKNESS! TWO, I'M A DOCTOR OF SORTS MYSELF, SO YOU NEEDN'T WORRY!


BLIMEY, DID YOU GET A WHIFF O' THAT BLOKE ON THE STRETCHER? 'E SMELLS LIKE A...LIKE A...I DON'T KNOW WHAT!
AYE, 'E 'AD A RUM STENCH TO 'IM, AN' THAT'S FOR SURE! JUNGLE ROT, I 'EARD 'IS FRIEND SAY! PUT ME IN MIND OF...OF THE ZOO! THAT'S IT...THE MONKEY 'OUSE AT THE ZOO!


WE GOT TO LONDON AND PUT UP AT MY ROOMS IN HELMSGATE! HE WAS WORSE...MUCH WORSE! HE MADE SOUNDS LIKE NOTHING HUMAN, ATE LIKE A HORSE, AND BEGAN TO ACQUIRE THE STRENGTH OF TWENTY MEN! I KEPT HIM UNDER LOCK AND KEY, BUT THE TENANTS BEGAN TO TALK, AND SO DID THE TRADESMEN WHO DELIVERED THE VAST QUANTITIES OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES WHICH WERE HIS ONLY DIET! WE HAD TO MOVE! I RENTED AN OLD MANSION IN EAST RIDING, YORK, ON A DESERTED MOOR, AND MOVED HIM THERE THE FOLLOWING WEEK!


EASY NOW, BOYS, EASY! IF THIS BOX DROPS, THERE'LL BE THE DICKENS TO PAY!
RIGHT YOU ARE, GUV'NOR!
UGH... I'VE HEFTED BOOKS BEFORE THIS, GUV'NOR, BUT I HAVEN'T EVER FELT THE LIKES O' THIS!


BOOKS, ME BLOOMIN' EYE! DID YOU SMELL OF THAT BOX, 'ARRY... DIDJA?
SMELL OF IT? I BLOODY WELL ALMOST PASSED OUT FER THE SMELL! I'D GIVE A PRETTY TUPPENCE TO FIND OUT WOT THAT BLOKE 'AD IN THAT BLOOMIN' BOX!

THE FIRST INCIDENT OCCURRED TWO WEEKS LATER! A CHARWOMAN NAMED ELSIE COLLINS TOOK A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE MOORS ON HER WAY HOME...
BRRR! T'AIN'T A FIT NIGHT FOR MAN OR BEAST! OH, WHY DID I DECIDE TO CUT ACROSS THESE MOORS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?
SUDDENLY...
WH...??! LOR' HELP ME!...OHHHHHHHHH... MERCY!
HELLLP! HELLLLLP!
A POLICEMAN FOUND HER EARLY NEXT MORNING -- UNCONSCIOUS, A DEMENTED BABBLING IDIOT...
TWEEEEET! TWEEEEEET!
I WASN'T SURE, BUT I SUSPECTED THE WORST! IT HAD FINALLY HAPPENED! THERE WERE NO CLUES AND THE POLICE DROPPED THE MATTER UNTIL ONE MONTH LATER, IN A PARK NEAR OLD LOWER DOCK...
TAKE ME 'OME, 'ERBERT! THERE'S AN AWFUL CHILL IN THE PARK TONIGHT!
BLIMEY IF THERE AIN'T!
'ERBERT! HELLLP!
ARGHHHHH!!!

THIS TIME I KNEW! I HAD TO DO SOMETHING QUICKLY ... SOMETHING DRASTIC! IT WASN'T A QUESTION OF SAVING WHAT WAS ONCE A HUMAN BEING! IT WAS A QUESTION OF SAVING MYSELF AND OTHERS FROM THIS UNSPEAKABLE HORROR! I SEARCHED THROUGH EVERY VOLUME ON SORCERY, WITCHCRAFT, NECROMANCY, FOR A CLUE...FOR A CURE! IT WAS NO USE...UNTIL ONE DAY IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM...
SILENCE
TADCASTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN AFRICA!
I WAS...UNTIL RECENTLY! WE WERE SEARCHING FOR SIR GEOFFREY HORTON...AND THEN WE BEGAN TO HEAR HORRIBLE RUMORS FROM THE NATIVES...ABOUT YOU AND...
YOU FOUND HIM, DIDN'T YOU? YOU FOUND SIR GEOFFREY! I'VE TRACED YOU TO EAST RIDING, CREIGHTON, AND YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME! THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS TERRIBLE BUSINESS ON THE MOORS AND THE RUMORS WE HEARD IN AFRICA! SPEAK UP, MAN...IS IT TRUE?
NO...NO! IT'S A LIE! THEY'RE ALL LIES! LET ME GO, YOU FOOL!
THE SECRET WAS OUT! TADCASTER HAD SPENT A LIFETIME IN AFRICA...KNEW ALL ITS SECRETS! BUT EVEN WHILE I HURRIED HOME...
WH...????! OH, NO--NO! HELLLLP!
YIIII!
I HAVE BEEN HOME TEN MINUTES! I KNOW NOW WHAT I MUST DO AND HEAVEN GIVE ME STRENGTH TO DO IT! I AM A SCIENTIST, YET SCIENCE, LOGIC, AND SANITY ARE ALIEN TO ME NOW! I MUST RESORT TO MAGIC... THE MAGIC OF THE JUNGLES...THE GHASTLY SORCERY OF A MILLION YEARS AGO...THE MAGIC OF A WITCH DOCTOR IN DARKEST AFRICA! THE SECRET OF THE IDOL! I AM REACHING FOR IT NOW...I HEAR FOOTSTEPS COMING UP THE STAIRS TOWARD ME... HE IS HERE!

YOU'VE COME BACK! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU MONSTER!
NY'SAMBA!... CLOSER... CLOSER! I MUSTN'T FAIL! I MUST NOT MISS!
TRUE! TRUE TO THE MARK, AS SIR GEOFFREY HORTON ONCE THREW THIS SAME EVIL THING AT THE HEAD OF A WATTAMBI WITCH DOCTOR!
CRACK!
BUT IN ITS DYING SPASMS, THE HIDEOUS THING'S TWITCHING FINGERS GROPED TOWARD CREIGHTON... AND FOUND THEIR MARK...
AAGGGGH!
AND WHEN CREIGHTON'S BODY WAS LIMP AND LIFELESS, THE HORRIBLE THING ALSO DIED...
SECONDS BEFORE ROBERT TADCASTER AND THE POLICE ENTERED THE ROOM, A STRANGE THING HAPPENED! A THIN WRAITH OF FOGLIKE MIST AROSE FROM THE MONSTROUS THING ON THE FLOOR AND SEEPED LIKE A GHOST INTO THE IDOL! IT LOOKED SOMEWHAT LIKE THE FIGURE OF A WATTAMBI WITCH DOCTOR... BUT OF COURSE... IT COULDN'T BE...
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! IT'S SIR GEOFFREY HORTON!... (SNIFF! SNIFF!) BLIMEY, THAT'S AN ODD SMELL IN THIS ROOM! IT PUTS ME IN MIND OF...
A ZOO? THE MONKEY HOUSE IN A ZOO? SO IT DOES... SO IT DOES!
THE END
8

GIVEN! ACT NOW MAIL COUPON GIVEN!

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IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN!

BE FIRST

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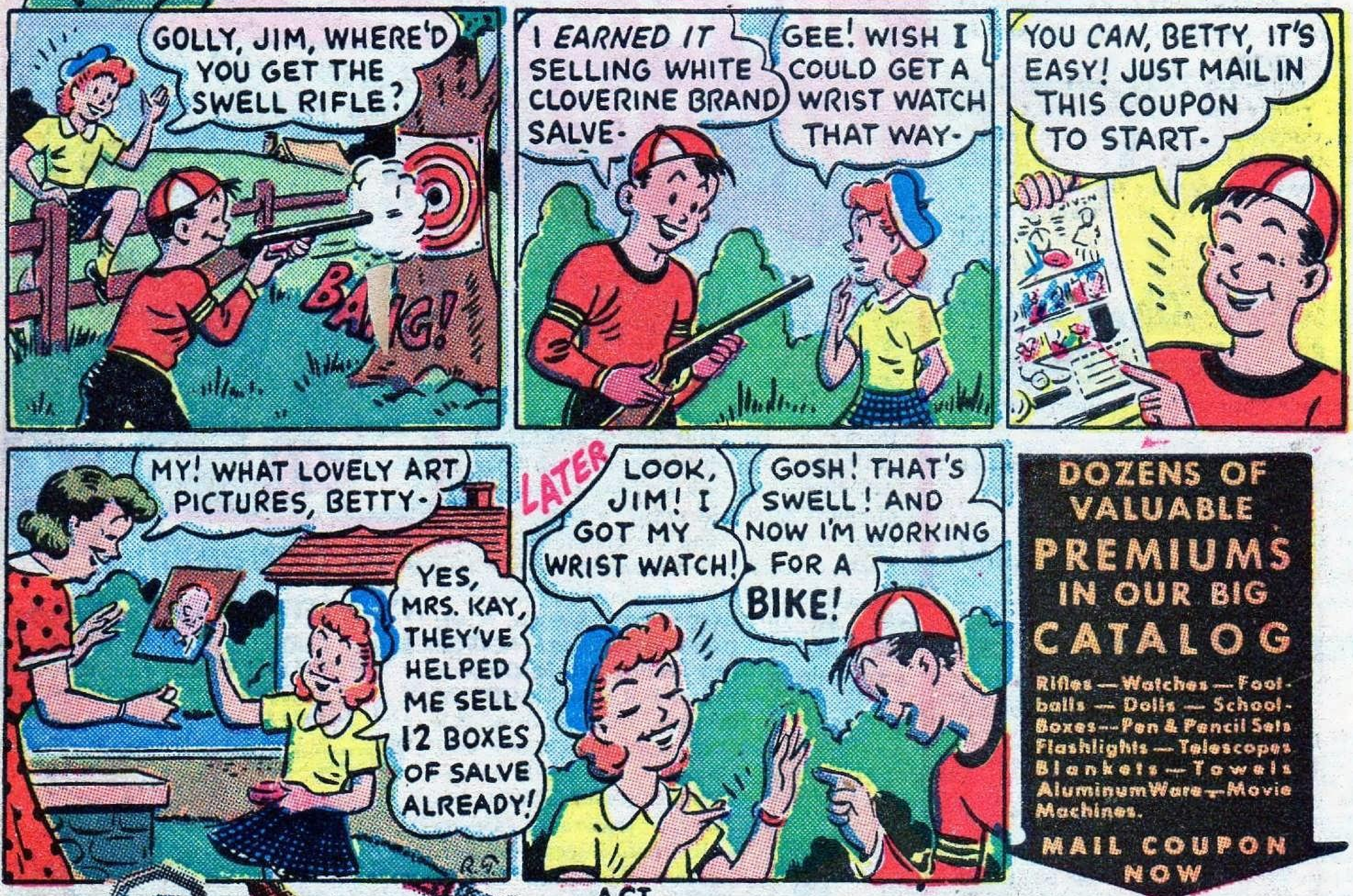
Simply give beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns, easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order (postage paid) to start. Mail coupon now.

Dolls (over 15 inches tall) Movie Projectors, Cameras, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Give art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. Mail coupon now.

How Wishes CAME TRUE for Jim and Betty!


GOLLY, JIM, WHERE'D YOU GET THE SWELL RIFLE?
BANG!
I EARNED IT SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE-
GEE! WISH I COULD GET A WRIST WATCH THAT WAY-
YOU CAN, BETTY, IT'S EASY! JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON TO START-
MY! WHAT LOVELY ART PICTURES, BETTY-
YES, MRS. KAY, THEY'VE HELPED ME SELL 12 BOXES OF SALVE ALREADY!
LATER
LOOK, JIM! I GOT MY WRIST WATCH!
GOSH! THAT'S SWELL! AND NOW I'M WORKING FOR A BIKE!

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Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid) now easily yours. Simply give colorful art pictures with white CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount asked for under Premium in catalog sent with order (postage paid) to start. Mail Coupon Now.

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148, Tyrone, Pa., Date..........

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of white CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

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Print Last Name Here

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope today.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury to Skin Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"

RUSH COUPON NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4002
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME____________________________

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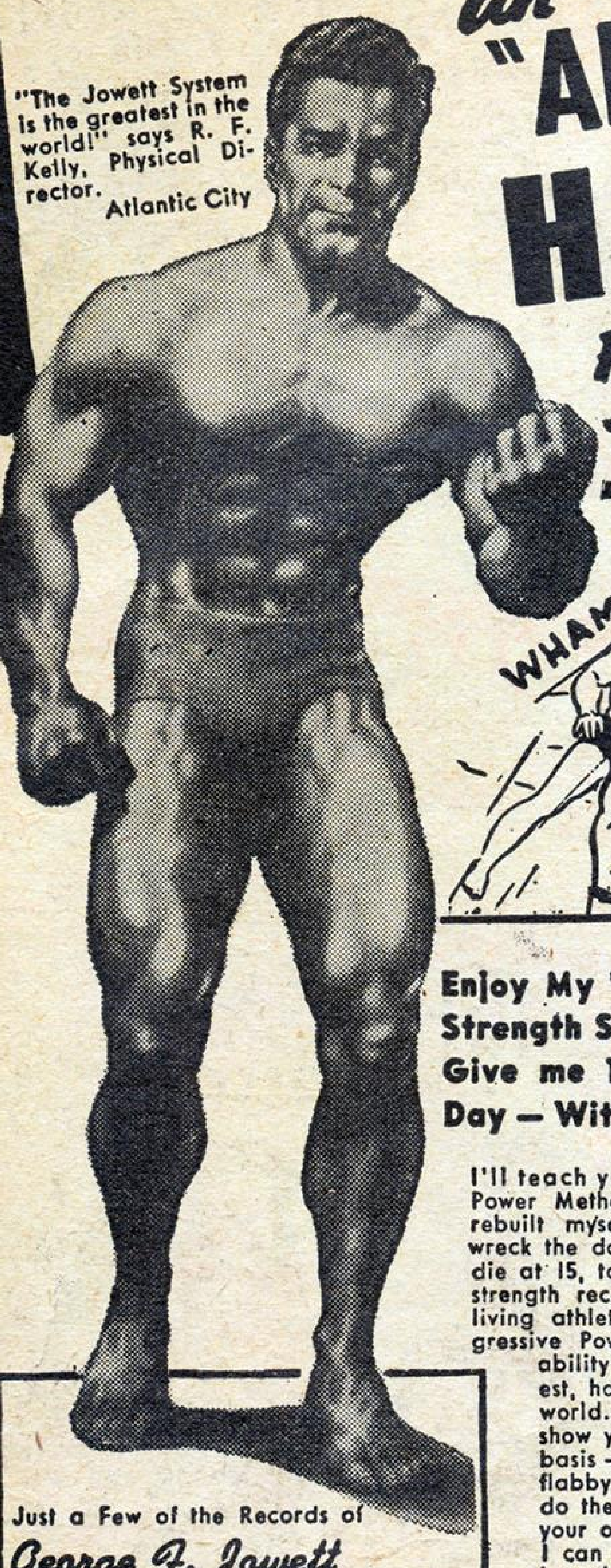
SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make *YOU* an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent— says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director. Atlantic City



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PLUS MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN! FREE!

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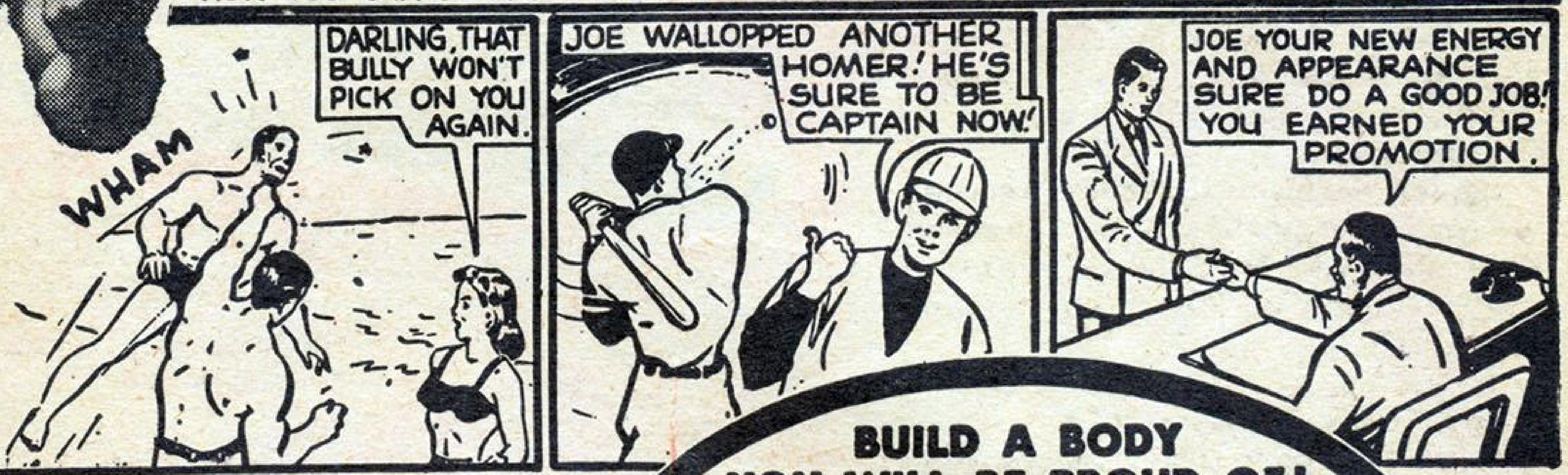
WHAM
DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.
JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION.

Enjoy My "Progressive Power" Strength Secrets! Give me 10 Easy Minutes a Day — Without Strain!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis — that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back — in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"

- World's welter weight wrestling champion at 17
- World's weight lifting champion at 19
- Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world.
- Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body . . . plus many, many other world records!

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!

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How to BECOME A MUSCULAR HE-MAN
with these 5 Complete Courses on Molding
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This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

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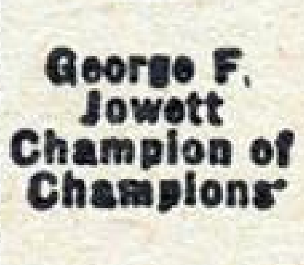

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Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". Enclosed find 25c. NO C.O.D'S.

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GIRLS! IT'S THE WONDERFUL NEW BEAUTY TRIX WALLET

HOLDS YOUR MONEY, PLUS!

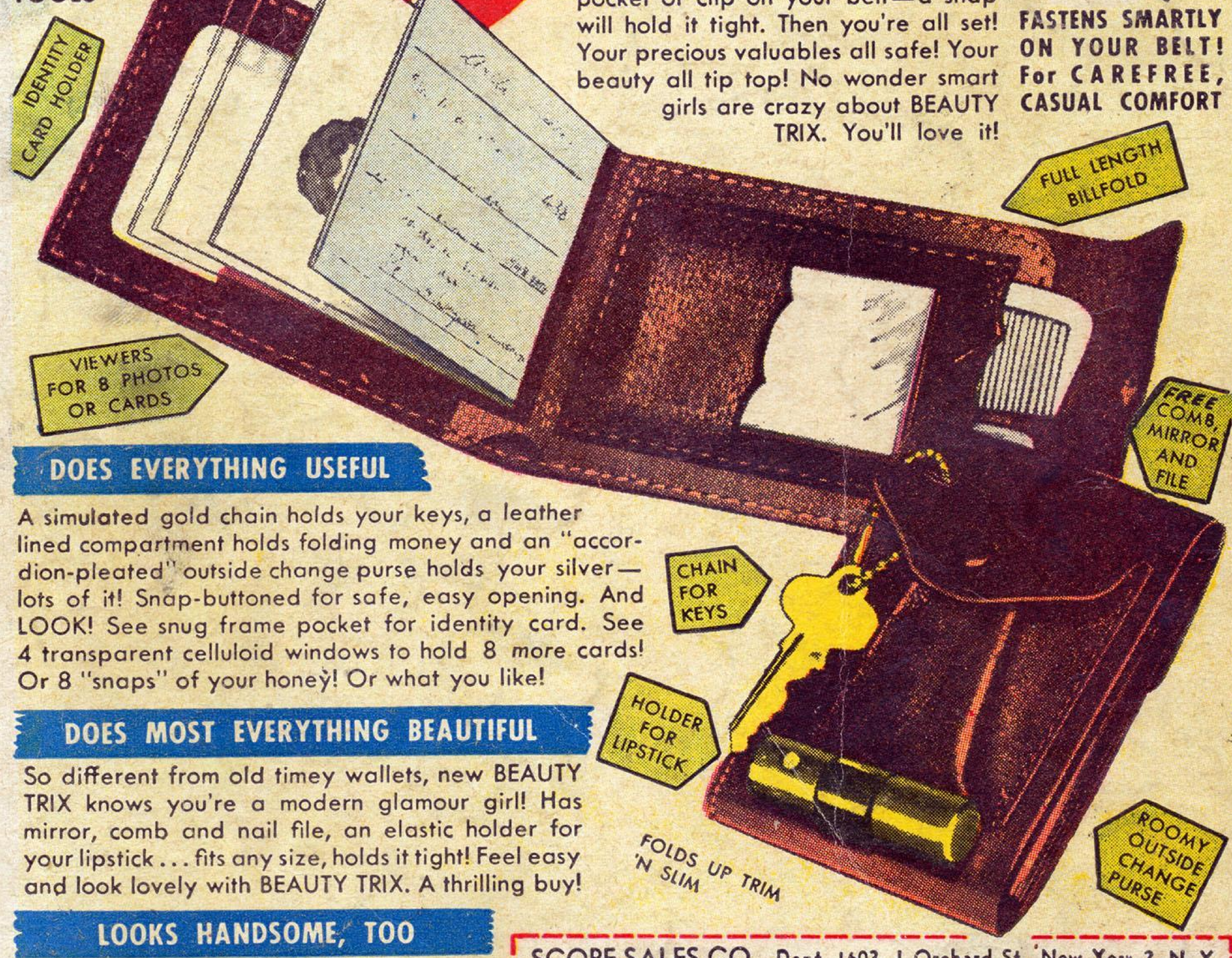
HOLDS YOUR GLAMOUR TOOLS

IT'S GENUINE LEATHER AND IT'S GOT EVERYTHING

only $1.98 plus fed. tax

Such a smart looking wallet . . . so stream lined . . . you'll hardly believe it holds so much and costs so little—only $1.98! But it's all true! Tuck your real-leather BEAUTY TRIX into your pocket or clip on your belt—a snap will hold it tight. Then you're all set! Your precious valuables all safe! Your beauty all tip top! No wonder smart girls are crazy about BEAUTY TRIX. You'll love it!

FASTENS SMARTLY ON YOUR BELT! For CAREFREE, CASUAL COMFORT



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A simulated gold chain holds your keys, a leather lined compartment holds folding money and an "accordion-pleated" outside change purse holds your silver—lots of it! Snap-buttoned for safe, easy opening. And LOOK! See snug frame pocket for identity card. See 4 transparent celluloid windows to hold 8 more cards! Or 8 "snaps" of your honey! Or what you like!

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LOOKS HANDSOME, TOO

Friends will think it costs twice as much! Of really genuine leather—amazing at this price—and so well made, well finished. IN STUNNING COLORS:—GERANIUM RED, FOREST GREEN, BROWN, BLACK.

INSPECT IT 10 DAYS FREE!

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☐ On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage, and fed. tax.

☐ I enclosed $2.38. You pay postage.

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